Maya Gonzalez
~ Jamuel Yaw Asare

About Maya Gonzalez

Maya Gonzalez is a play by Jamuel Yaw Asare. The play which is built on poetic interludes is a tragedy which is set in Catalonia in Spain and Sultanate of Oman, an Arab country located in Western Asia. It is situated on the south-eastern coast of the Arabian Peninsula, and spans the mouth of the Persian Gulf. Oman shares land borders with Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, and Yemen, while sharing maritime borders with Iran and Pakistan. The coast is formed by the Arabian Sea on the southeast, and the Gulf of Oman on the northeast. The Madha and Musandam exclaves are surrounded by the United Arab Emirates on their land borders, with the Strait of Hormuz (which it shares with Iran) and the Gulf of Oman forming Musandam's coastal boundaries. Muscat is the nation's capital and largest city.

The plot is based on the relationship between Maya Gonzalez and Daniel Dacosta in Catalonia to Maya's murder in the chamber of Lamar Khan, the son of Sultan Khan in Sultanate of Oman.

The major antagonist or villain is Lamar Khan who is later killed by Daniel Dacosta in Catalonia when he comes to announce the sudden demise of Maya Gonzalez before the household of the Gonzalez at night. Daniel Dacosta hides at the backyard to eavesdrop.

Maya Gonzalez is considered to be a dynamic and round character. She is sometimes savage and ready to fight when not trivial but also mostly caring and compassionate. These contradictory features make her a round and dynamic character. It is difficult to classify Maya Gonzalez as a single genre. It can be described as an educative play with regard to facts about certain places like Sultanate of Oman(though it does not completely adhere to historical account), tragedy (though not in Aristotelian terms), comedy and a romance.

Dramatis Personae

Daniel Dacosta – a knight Bachelor whose origin is unknown to the people of Catalonia. But in Catalonia, he is a poor farmer.

Maya Gonzalez – the beautiful daughter of Lucas Gonzalez, one of the richest farmers in Catalonia.

Lamar Khan- the eldest son of Sultan Khan of Sultanate of Oman. He falls in love with Maya Gonzalez at the market square where he comes to trade and thus, wants to marry her of which Lucas willingly accepts because of his

status.

Sultan Khan: Lamar's father.

Lucas Gonzalez – the father of Maya Gonzalez.

Olivia Gonzalez- the mother of Maya Gonzalez.

Others

The seven maidens of Maya.

Niña Hermosa. - Maya's nanny.

Hafiz Adam Taher -The messenger of Lamar Khan.

The servants of Lamar Khan

Erickson – Lucas' personal assistant.

Hugo – Daniel's confidant.

A promiscuous demoiselle

The three witches

The man with a black mask

The Athenian priestess

The priestess' maidens

The three dwarf-like men in the temple of Dendera

The people in Egypt

The Catalonians

Synopsis

Daniel Dacosta , a knight Bachelor in Britain runs away after being

sabotaged and threatened to be killed by one of his friends out of envy. He abandons his knight duties in England and wanders for safety or refuge. In his wandering, he joins a ship containing fifteen sailors from Catalonia. He gets to Catalonia and begs Queen Letizia to give him a place near the path to the stream in the forest and of which she agrees. Saturday morning, Maya comes to the stream with her maidens to bathe oblivious to Daniel's presence from behind. Daniel upon seeing her beauty, hides behind a tree and watches passionately. He instantly falls in love and later approaches Maya who also falls in love with him. The two decide to marry and spend the rest of their lives together but Lucas won't let them be. He warns Daniel to stay away from Maya since he's a poor farmer and has an anonymous and doubtful origin.

Later, Lamar Khan from Sultanate of Oman who often comes to Catalonia to trade and especially, trades with Lucas Gonzalez, asks his daughter's hand in marriage. Lucas, knowing very well of the gentleman's status and reputation, willingly accepts and forcefully wants to marry Maya to Lamar Khan. But Maya doesn't like the idea and tries to refuse...

Act one

Scene one

Some months later after they had fallen in love. It's morning.

In the garden of Daniel near the path to the stream in the forest where Maya usually meets him.

Enter Maya.

Maya(sweetly): Mi Corazon... Daniel my Cariño... Daniel... Daniel

(Daniel hides . He then playfully approaches her from behind and covers her eyes with his hands. He holds her tightly and then poeticizes in a near whisper)

Daniel (sweetly): *Mi amor*

O solace of my soul

Behind you is your cooling

fount of life

*(**He stops to smell her tresses, so dark and lovely. And the aroma of his breath, so sweet as the Saviour's breath cuddles Maya gently that she closes her eyes and ecstasizes. Daniel puts his hands in hers and continues...)***

Enemies upbraid me and reproach me

with the love I have for you

And I ask them, is there any sense in

stoning one who's smitten

by misfortune's dart?

Since we sealed our love, many rivals in the fire have fallen

O Maya, my paragon of beauty, your dusky tresses full of pearls

Sapphire, and corals of great price is a religion of love

Flower of light – that's your face, magic gemstones – your Nightingale

Is there any one who is not thirsting for your tenderness?

Even a thousand souls from the East to witness your gleaming beauty

When the morning breeze blows gently towards your amber-scented locks,

O how thirsty sweet alyssum, rose, and lily of the valley are!

Maya, you who are so loud in praise of pearls

Like a nacre, my soul has found a dwelling in you where love is in its place...

(He stops poeticizing and rubs her fingers gently. Maya turns immediately and hugs him. She looks keenly into his deep blue eyes and also poeticizes in a near whisper)

Maya ***:*** *When my beloved spoke,*

There was no doubt the trees gave a

prolonged enthusiastic applause.

Hidden ore, you are the gold in me

How I wish love were a prison,

I would have craved for eternal jaildom – our souls be kept there

Your handsomeness, a sceptre to scare even

The devil

That the birds are shy to flaunt their beauty

in your presence

Why will I leave the interior cavern of your

Heart where I have been kept from

Separation ?

The world is full of dissension and discord

I need it not!

O you who have compared your figure to the

Oak and cypress trees

Accept this truth: my heart will be wounded

If there's any separation inhumane

So hold it dear, my love for a life gratis I

shall not exchange...

(Maya embraces him again after poeticizing. As they cuddle each other, Erickson enters from within and hides at a corner where they won't see him. He looks at them for sometime and then runs back. Maya and Daniel still embrace each other while dialoguing inaudibly.

As they are dialoguing, Lucas, Maya's father enters angrily shouting Maya's name with Erickson trailing behind him).

Lucas : Maya Gonzalez! Maya Gonzalez! Maya Gonzalez!

(Maya and Daniel separate but she doesn't respond. They turn to look at him)

Lucas: O generation of disobedience! When will thou listen to the voice of old age and experience?

Maya : But father, when have I given thou a partial disobedience? I dare not to disobey!

Lucas: But thou have, Maya. *Mirar*! The secret of all failure is disobedience. Human history began as an act of disobedience! How many times have I warned you to stay away from this good for nothing farmer who lives here like a monkey?

Maya : No! *Dulce* papa! No! Call not my dear loved monkey when upon his sickle brows the moon takes its crescent form and his handsomeness, women of greatness dream of it. In the fire of love - I beseech him – please father, do not burn his soul when upon his soul, my heart breathes.

Lucas : Love my foot! Look here Maya, there's a rich man from Sultanate of Oman who wants to marry you and you ought to preserve your love until he comes. Christ alive! I can't believe you are my offspring.

(Erickson interferes.)

Erickson (teasingly): And the rich gentleman's name is Lamar Khan, the eldest son of a great hereditary ruler of fifteen Muslim states (Sultanate) and thus, his name,Sultan Khan of Sultanate of Oman. He is tall, fair and filthy rich. By Jove, filthy rich and not filthy poor and wretched in appearance like a man whose origin is unknown.

(Maya flares up, walks to Erickson and shouts angrily)

Maya: Then marry him yourself you flibbertigibbet!

Erickson (teasingly): I would if I were a lady.

Maya: You disgust me!

Erickson(teasingly): O and you disgust your entire family and the whole of Catalonia.

(Maya raises her hand to slap Erickson but the father holds it)

Lucas(shouts loudly): Thou dare not! Thou dare not hit him because of a total stranger... j-j- just because he told you the truth.

(Maya takes her hand off and goes back a little)

Maya: Father, my love...

Lucas(interrupts quickly): ...has a price Maya and only wealth can buy. Think about this.

(Lucas turns his back at Maya in an attempt to exist the stage, Erickson follows right behind him... Maya and Daniel stand silently...Maya fidgeting with her fingers... finally speaks)

Maya (sighs... softly): It had a price father, but no more.

(Lucas and Erickson stop moving... Erickson turns slowly...to Maya)

Erickson: What did thou sayest? ***(he asks... surprised)***

Maya: *Hijo de la inexistencia (son of non-existence),* dare not thou interfere! ***(a long pause)*** Father! ***(boldly)*** ...my love had a price but no more. It has been bought by a gentle lovable heart which none could resist.

(Lucas, still with his back turned to Maya, fidgets with his sword... angrily...Maya notices it and moves back some more... continues)

Maya: My love needs not riches and riches need not my love.

(Lucas angrily draws his sword and points it at Maya)

Lucas (angrily): Were you not the maiden fruit of my seed, I would have killed you with my sword immediately.

(Immediately, Daniel faces Lucas leaving Maya behind him. Lucas's anger intensifies as his enemy stands facing him. With his heart blazing angrily, he raises his sword roaring in an attempt to stab him. Maya screams and tells Daniel to run but he refuses. And as he is about to stab him, a voice is heard from within. It is Olivia's, Maya's mum)

Enter Olivia.

Olivia: Thou shalt not commit murder in the goddesses' forest of Catalonia for curse might be upon thou.

(Lucas brings down his sword)

Lucas : Then thou shouldst tell Maya to leave immediately and never return here for here belongs not to us.

(Olivia beckons Maya to leave. Maya nods and slowly in an attempt to leave, with fear of his father carrying out his threat, abruptly stops, her back facing her father)

Maya: Father, fight not tooth and nail our love like a wounded animal who's relentless, savage and murderous for Love like Nature when fought, there

lies much woe.

Lucas (shouts): Leave here this minute!

(*Exit Maya and Olivia)*

Lucas (to Daniel): If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man. Thou do not belong to my family. I need thou not! But if thou want thy body to be fed to the birds of this forest, then obey not my warning.

Daniel (bravely): If treatment is unjust, a man is not only right to disobey it. He is obligated to do so. Sometimes, disobedience is the foundation of liberty. The obedient are slaves. It is through disobedience that progress and truth can be made. I love Maya and I have a responsibility to disobey unjust warning and unjust treatment!

Lucas : O I see...

Daniel: Christ! Have I committed a crime to have a strong affection for your daughter?

Lucas : *O por supuesto* as far as I am concerned. And if you do not heed to my warning, I will jail you in a dark grave where no eye can see you!

(Lucas leaves. Erickson also turns to leave but he stops abruptly, looks at Daniel and goes closer to him. He walks around him.)

Erickson (teasingly): It is said that the Malus domestica that produces an apple cannot be planted on a desert. Why must thou worry thyself when thou hast nothing to offer? Waif, how dare you think you can eat from the pot of drightens? When drightens' dogs you can't compare yourself to? The thorn of separation – let it gall you! Curse you not if thou don't deserve. Upon thy face I see doom and gloom.

Waif, how dare you think you can lick the seeds of sesame, sunflower and pomegranate? When thou hast the poor man's seeds: broccoli seeds, and guava seeds breathing and craving in your presence.

Waif, eat what you deserve and are served for a man must cut his coat according to his size. Leave Maya alone, wretched boy... hahaha.

(He leaves still laughing teasingly)

(The hard words hit Daniel so hard that he paces up and down. He stops and looks into the sky with tears rolling down his cheeks. Sobbing softly, he sits, looks into the sky again and sings sorrowfully)

Daniel: *Once a British Knight Bachelor with*

Prestige,

Now, a slave longing for the

Shadow

O Maya, rich store of beauty's favours
My soul is waning, my life is burning
So painful the words of enemies of our
Love!
Should I relinquish?
Nights of misery, days of agony – show
me not your presence
For distress and thorn of separation
Have taken my heart into servitude
It has no settled dwelling!
In cruel flames, I burn.
O Maya Gonzalez, see what I endure!

Although their cruelty to me is bitter
Although fate will not provide me with
a shawl to wear,
Although their words cut my heart to
shreds of sorrow,
I still prefer
Their cruelty to me – a honey of delight
Because of you O Maya,
Whose face is the prophet's faith,
And your intelligence – his Qur'an .
O spirit of love – give me not the cup of
Grief

(He stands up, wipes his tears and exits)

Exeunt

Act one

Scene two

The following morning.The house of the Gonzalez family.

Enter Lucas Gonzalez, and Olivia

Gonzalez.

Olivia: My *Dulce*, please give my words a haven in your heart for out of it comes a clairvoyant.

Lucas:(sceptically): But I have mi amor. Your words, so soothing they are, give my heart relief. How can a man shrug off such mithridate?

Olivia: Then why have thou refused to listen if thou really espy my words a sacred precinct?

Lucas: *Cariño*, morning must be blissful. Be melancholy not! Give me not the cup of miscomprehension! Please mi amor, tell me what I did wrong.

Olivia: Your daughter's heart craves for Daniel's. Why do you want to burn her with the fire of grief when grief thou need not?

Look, Daniel's love is her religion – with a belt she is girded. The separation from his love consumes her. All her strength and patience is gone, she groans in sorrow. He is the balm to her ills and who else can put an end to her pain? He alone can rid her of her painful sickness. Please, do not burn her soul.

Lucas: O Dona d'aigua or Goja, the greatest goddess that lives in places of fresh water, is this my punishment? Cast not upon my family the wine of

miscomprehension and ignorance!

(As he soliloquizes, Erickson runs in panting. Lucas and Olivia panic and take some steps back).

Erickson (still panting): Mea culpa. But fear not O drighten for my heart breathes upon soothing words.

Lucas (angrily) : Servant of idiocy, why do you then run in like a heister if your soul attests to the spirit of good news?

Erickson: Once again drighten, accept my sincere apology.

Lucas (sighs): *Alimenta mi alma con palabras tranquilizadoras oh hijo de bendición y maldición*. (Feed my soul with soothing words o son of blessing and curse)

Erickson: O drighten, there's a man from Sultanate of Oman whom I saw at the market today. He looked distinguished so I approached him only to find out that he is the messenger of our soon to be son-in-law, Lamar Khan. And...

Lucas (interrupts quickly): ... Point of rectification servant, my soon to be son-in-law and not our...! Your name is Erickson Dante, the son of a pauper and I am Lucas Gonzalez, the richest farmer in the whole of Catalonia, Andalucía, Aragon and Canary Islands. I don't remember initiating you into my family. And your wretched self deserves not the shelter of my family's surname!

(Erickson bows down his head and speaks sorrowfully)

Erickson: O drighten, pierce not my heart with the arrow of slur. Shall your anger have no limit? Pity for your servant show? O the Greek World of spiritism, pass me the cup of **Charites'** grace!

(The thud of shoes from within. It's Hafiz Adam Taher, Lamar's messenger and six servants of Lamar Khan)

Enter the six servants of Lamar Khan and Hafiz with a parchment in his hand.

All eyes on them.

Hafiz Adam Taher: Greetings to all and sundry!

Lucas : Greetings accepted O son of splendour. Tell me what my soul needs.

Hafiz Adam Taher: O drighten of this domicile, your warmly welcome, so redolent like the Flowers of Taif, call me not the man of splendour for splendour is only one man. Only a clart can't see that Lamar Khan is the only greatest one. Señor, may I crave your indulgence to introduce myself to you?

Lucas: Go on messenger of good news.

Hafiz Adam Taher (clears his throat and speaks): O drighten, my name

is Hafiz Adam Taher, the son of Islam and two mothers of rivers, whose lives and environments were far apart, yet whose hearts still met in mine. My soul, hidden but bewrayed by a man of class, ore of souls and the maiden beast of Saudi, my lord, Lamar Khan. And to whom my soul has promised to serve till I meet Azrael, the angel of death, carrying a scythe, and taking souls to the afterlife. In the month of consecution, I was sent by my lord to come all the way from Sultanate of Oman to Catalonia just to meet you O drighten. In my left hand, is a parchment of my lord's hidden words of love.

(He stops to clear his throat and then speaks again)

Hafiz Adam Taher: Ladies and gentlemen, listen to the soothing words of Lord Lamar Khan:

My bosom friend, Lucas, surviving seed of Catalonia's soil, allow my servant to convey my beloved greetings to you and my soon to be family.

Now to my morning breeze, whom from her lips do living waters flow,

Tell her that :

O you whose impeccable beauty I prospect

Accept my words of affection and benevolence

Concern

Nightingale, your voice , a talisman that can

Turn seed into gold is my seven goddesses' melody

And your dark tresses, my holiest shrine

O Liefling, here is my heart, here is my soul

What is left? Tell me!

Even the skull of the Mediterranean mermaid

I shall bring

What is left? Tell me!

Even the curtains of Ka'ba

I shall bring

O you Traditional Sherbet of West and South Asia,

By the moisture of your lips, my thirst for riches has been quenched

For out of you, come the very sources of corals and gemstones

Mark my words: Your inner beauty is the ore

Of pure gold and silver

And your wisdom – a prophet's sacred book

I swear, even the Jihadists attest and declare that you are

A religion of light, truth and reality

Queen of drightens' love, accept my words of affection

Be my better half!

My heart's door is opened

Come in my idol!

These are the words of my lord O drighten of this domicile.

(Hafiz hands over the parchment to Lucas immediately he ends)

Lucas (happily) : Thank you man of commendable information!

Hafiz Adam Taher: My pleasure, drighten! But of what use will be our mission here if I go back to Sultanate of Oman with empty mouth? I dare not! For my Lord need not hear that! Fill my heart with soothing messages to be given to your soon to be son in law, Lord Lamar Khan.

Lucas: Take your quill. Take your parchment and write down my heart words.

(Hafiz Adam Taher takes his quill and parchment immediately and nods at Lucas to start)

Lucas ***:*** *O drighten of Saudi Arabia*

Once we have met,a parting is not needed

On my heart's throne, the joy you caused is sultan

All suitors but you are not needed

Tell me, when will thou come and take your heart's desire ?

Like a thousand maidens I shall have to dress her

Tell me, what are your plans?

Like a thousand dignitaries I shall assemble

O drighten, when I first saw your face, I said :

" Give praises to the goddesses of Catalonia".

And when I heard your intention, I said: " Give praises to the divinities in Sultanate of Oman".

Splendour , prestige and dignity is one man

And that's you Lamar Khan

O sun of love on my family's horizon

Your reason is a cup of Jamshid

Whose cup, when full of wine, showed all that was happening in the world

I bless the day you showed your resplendent features which are a source of light on our land

And the day you whispered sweet words like spring of paradise delight in my ears

Here's my daughter's heart, here's her soul

Craving for your eternal love

Please come and take them

For she now knows that, it's the goddesses breath that brings souls to life

But your breath can bring both souls and our goddesses to life and light

In the sea of happiness, Lamar is a pearl!

He who shuns the sea is either fiend or goblin

What am I if I do not accept you into my family?

Even a fool will curse the day I was born.

Bring cigar, bring plum wine

Bring your people after three days

My priest is ready to bless your wedding

These are my final words

Hafiz Adam Taher: Thank you man of good deeds! Souls from Sultanate of Oman will come for the ceremony after three days as you wish. We beg to take our leave.

(They leave by the door to the left. Olivia who wasn't pleased speaks sorrowfully.)

Olivia*:* *Lucas, where's your love? Where's your dignity?*

Why have you decided to bow before Satan?

Can't you see?

Both your life and soul is guided by His will

O Lucas, Lamar is reigning on your beings' throne!

Such arrow of grief you have pierced Maya's heart with!

He who shuns advice follows the corpse to the grave!

Lucas (angrily): And he who shuns opportunities and riches is a grave of which the corpse will be buried in. Woman, I am the man of this house and you ought to respect my decisions!

Olivia: And I am your wife and you ought to listen to my advice! Now tell me, how are you going to convince Maya to marry Lamar knowing very well that she despises that soul? Three days is the devil's hour. It shan't be long!

Lucas (laughs cunningly and speaks) : The seventy seventh commandment of Goja says: a daughter must marry not the one she desires but the one chosen by her father or her lover be killed on the goddess's altar and his blood be sprinkled on every member of the lady's family.

(He stops to look at Olivia and speaks again)

Then 'tis better to invoke that ancient Spanish law if that's the only way!

(Olivia panics)

Olivia: You dare not! My daughter is not a slave! Dare not invoke that law!

Lucas: O really. Then watch me as I turn her into a slave of Lamar's love.

Erickson , go into the secret room and bring my parchment , quill and red ink. 'Tis time to write to Queen Letizia to invoke the law of obedience.

(Olivia begins to wail as she hears Lucas' order. She prostrates herself at the feet of his husband and pleads but Lucas pushes her away. In no moment, Erickson comes in with the items and gives them to Lucas. Olivia tries to get hold of the items. Lucas orders Erickson to cover her mouth and hold her in position. He then writes.)

Happy be Letizia, our great Queen!

Full of anger write I! With complaint against my daughter, Maya Gonzalez.

Great Letizia, my good queen, there is a noble man from Sultanate of Oman, who among all men, is known as one of the wealthiest, wants to marry my daughter and he hath my consent.

But, a British man of a doubtful origin, Daniel Dacosta hath bewitched the heart of my Maya

That…,that, Daniel, has given her Love's close secret,

And summoned by his charming eyes,

To his feet, Maya humbly bows her head and craves:

All other suitors run away, refuse to honour you!

Or I bear a yoke and curse

For it's in my love, I seek source of life

And from his lips, do living water flows.

This, this, this, O Queen, hath turned my daughter's obedience to me

Into earnest disobedience

My great Queen Letizia, if she will not after your command

Consent to marry Lamar Khan,

Then, I crave the ancient privilege of Spain:

Either to the suitor chosen by a father a daughter marries or to her lover's death!

I'm ready to do whatever the law wishes! Please invoke this law and grant my favour O great Queen Letizia.

(After writing, he hands the parchment to Erickson to immediately run to the palace and hand it over to Queen Letizia. Erickson quickly leaves Olivia and runs off.)

Olivia (shouts out Maya's name): Maya…Maya!

(She comes in a haste oblivious to whatever that happened but the sight of her mother shedding tears startles her)

Maya (impatiently and sceptically): Father, what is happening here? Is…

(Lucas keeps mute.)

Maya: (still impatient) What is going on pa and ma?

Olivia (still sobbing): Maya, tell your father to stop!

Maya: (confused) Stop what?

Olivia: Your father hath turned into your nemesis. He hath written in full anger a letter to Queen Letizia to invoke the ancient Spanish law: Either to the suitor chosen by a father a daughter marries or to her lover's death!

Maya(in shock) : What!

(Maya collapses. Olivia screams and runs to where she lay. She immediately calls one of the maids to come along with water)

Lucas: *Leave her you daughter of a schmuck!*

I tell you not lies but truth : you are a disgrace to womanhood and an instrument of mediocrity.

You despise opulence but appraise pauperism!

Is that you I married? Did I make a mistake?

There's a keffiyeh, there's a thobe or kandura.

Wear them! Show me not your replica of lies. At least, pity for your family show!

I say again, there's a keffiyeh, there's a thobe or kandura. Wear them! Your true reflection I crave to see.

Mirar! Truth are Goja's words! On a spiritual expedition maybe my daughter peregrinates! Leave her to rest for your presence is an arrow of melancholiness engulfing her soul! Leave her you woman whom I stupidly married from a family of meagreness!

Olivia (flares up): Your caveat! Call not my family meagre where from paupers you took me!

O headless man, you've lost the goddesses' sense-restoration cup. Wake up and show what you have found in selfishness and buffoonery. What benefit selfishness did on you bestow.

Man, what has the goddesses' truth done to you that you should strive for deceit?

Failure stares at you!

You turned away from the truth. Beware! The truth really exists – it is mourning you.

Heed not the words of a shenanigan, do not to their temptation yield!

For you shall not attain your goal if you along with the devil go!

He tells you: destroy love for the world of lies within your heart – look! Do not be deceived!

For the world does not revolve at people's will- this you must truly know!

Renounce all this impressiveness! Nobody is watching!

For in this world in which we live

One thing is sure: ingenuine happiness is temporal but its regret and repercussions is eternal.

So why do you, allow yourself to be deceived by selfishness, and eagerly and passionately embrace ingenuine affluence ?

Has the goddesses' own truth gone from your mind that where selfishness commands you go?

You were in essence the Saviour. Why would you a devil be?

Do not deeply drink from the devil's own cup.

Reject his wine! For it's poisonous and causes death and woe.

(While she talks, Maya coughs loudly after the maiden poured water on her . Olivia stops immediately and holds her, patting her right shoulder. Maya tries to sit but sinks back. The maid gets her a seat. She looks at her dad as if lost and speaks unconsciously)

Maya: Please father, give me wine of slavery for I might be too weak to disobey if your proposal is giveth the Queen's consent. If my lover's death be the prize, then humbly come I , to marry the suitor thou hast chosen.

Lucas: Maya, maiden and only fruit of your mother's womb, servitude is truly your wine for if Erickson returns here with a letter of consent from Queen Letizia, the lady of every male serpent. Tell you the truth: it's Lamar your soul desires, it's for this I pray to the goddesses. It's Lamar alone you need, your soul another does not desire. So he will come, quintessence of your soul. If he's not there, your heart renounces everything in the world and nothing does it desire.

Maya (protests loudly even in her unconscious state): No! No father! To all the world the secret of my love I proclaim that Daniel is my daily fare. Let my soul sip sherbet from his lips like roses grown!

Why father? Why do you want to burn my heart in flames of misery? Please isolate me not from my cooling fount of life.

(Lucas frowns.)

Lucas (very firmly): O now you listen here you daughter of obscurity! That good for nothing waif has nothing to offer! Only one man is good for you and that's Lamar Khan from Sultanate of Oman. And you will be a slave to his love as far as money is concerned! Look! If Queen Letizia consents to my

plea, a ceremony holds on the fourth day of next week.

Maya(sceptically): A ceremony?

Lucas: Yes, a grand and classy ceremony that will be a milestone in the history of Catalonia.

Maya (still sceptical): A grand and classy ceremony that will be a milestone in the history of Catalonia?

Lucas(sighs): Maya, your gown will be ready on the third day. And on the fourth day, the ceremony will mark your departure to Sultanate of Oman with Lamar Khan.

Maya (shocked): No! No! No!

Lucas: It's so and that's my final decision!

(Just then Erickson runs in with a parchment in his right hand)

Erickson: Happy be, Señor Lucas. 'Tis my duty to go wherever thou tell me to. Thou art given me an order to give your parchment to Queen Letizia, the lady of male snakes and eager to serve you Señor, go I. May it please your grace to hear what I have for you from Queen Letizia?

Lucas: Go on.

Erickson: Into the palace of Queen Letizia, go I. And then she asked me in: Come gentle Spanish and stand before me.

So did I and then she asked: whence came you?

I replied:Blest be today I see your face, o queen. Of Señor Lucas', the richest farmer in the whole of Catalonia, Andalucía, Canary Islands mansion come I . A servant am I. Erickson Dante is my name.

I come before you with much grief. My drighten full of anger and grief wrote a letter to you. A letter to invoke one of the ancient Spanish laws: Either to the suitor chosen by a father a daughter marries or to her lover's death!

"O end, Dante, I can hear no more. Hand me the parchment" she said. So hand it did I and she read through.

She put it down after reading through and then ordered one of her men to cometh along with quill and parchment. Then she talks while he writes:

(Erickson opens the parchment and reads)

O my greatest farmer! Lucas Gonzalez,

Who, for your daughter's disobedience, wept out life and breath

And swallowed with grief

Had so much love for your daughter in your head as I .

Methinks, that to your desire I should grant and happy be you son of the

Spanish soil.

Before the gods and goddesses, I command your daughter to marry Lamar Khan or to her lover's death!

(Lucas laughs cunningly)

Maya(sobs): Father, your love for humanity is fading. Why wear the garb of ignorance and greed? Sheer pain is seeking my soul - please do not trade me. I am crestfallen. Can't I get the sherbet of comfort and satisfaction?

Lucas: O daughter of pauperism, renounce ignorance, renounce idiocy and renounce mediocrity. Can't you see wealth? What sherbet of satisfaction surpasses it? I traded corals and gemstones for your beauty. What crime did I commit that your heart speaks gibberish : **"reap the whirlwind!"?**

Lamar is the fruit of my labour. Allow my soul into wealth's servitude.

Maya (sobs): O father, your actions have plunged my soul into an unknown sea of grief. In it, my soul wanders. It does not know how to swim. It has no settled dwelling for its home is destroyed.

Daniel's heart – my soul's home and life, Lamar – my demise. Please father, do not dig my grave while I still live. Annul my wedding with Lamar Khan.

Lucas: Lamar is your life and you ought to prepare for the ceremony. I won't rescind my decision!

Maya: Father, even with the sacrifices of my soul?

Lucas: No sacrifice of your soul can surpass the significance of you and Lamar's marriage. Leave my sight this minute!

(Exit the two women as Maya cries uncontrollably. Lucas paces up and down for a while and then leaves. Erickson also follows.)

Exeunt.

Act one

Scene three

Three days later, in the garden of Daniel. It's evening.

Enter Daniel and Hugo. They are having an inaudible dialogue as they enter. Then, an audible dialogue begins.

Hugo: Well, well, well... If what you are saying is really true, then, I think you ought to man up and go back to England. I mean you can't be a poor farmer here while you have a prestigious office back in your home. A knight Bachelor, Daniel! A knight in Spanish is **hidalgo,** a hereditary noble who is a member of the gentry and can spearhead knighthoods like:

Order of the Golden Fleece and Laureate Cross of Saint Ferdinand.

Daniel, your position in England is equivalent to a knight commander in Spain! Think about this my friend. Ah! If you had told me earlier...

Daniel: O Hugo, I was threatened for years to be killed by a close and trusted friend out of envy. My life was in danger and of which I couldn't combat with feats of ingenuity, courage or strength. Of what use will my position as a knight Bachelor be if my soul is lowered in a grave? And besides, a Knight Bachelor in England is a man who has been knighted by a monarch but not as a member of one of the organized Orders of Chivalry. I am of the lowest rank in the British honours system. Above all, Maya needs me so get that into your skull!

Hugo: Huh! Maya? Well, I am sorry but I must say you are a disgrace to manhood.

Daniel: And why?

Hugo: Can't you see that Maya's status is high above your standard and that Lucas never wants you around her? Your shadow alone besmirches their image. Can a peasant ever eat from the drightens' pot? Leave that demoiselle alone!

Daniel: I can't Hugo! I can't ! I love this lady with passion and desire. I love her deeply with every fibre in my body. ***(He goes forward a little and stops and looks into the sky)***

There's something unique about her that I can't lay a finger on.

Hugo: O you are a fool of love and deceit.

(Maya enters from behind and stares at them. Hugo continues talking)

You have no pity for your miserable soul.

Maya (interrupts quickly): Call not my love's soul miserable for out of his heart comes pure gold and genuine love.

(Daniel and Hugo turn immediately to look at her)

Daniel (with passion): Maya !

Maya (passionately): Daniel!

(*Daniel runs to hug her as Maya cries loudly*)

Daniel (sceptically): Maya, my graceful lotus, why are you shedding tears?

Maya looks at him still crying without uttering a word.

Daniel: O Maya, throne and image of the goddesses' mercy, please tell me what is bothering you. If I have to relieve you of your suffering by sacrificing my life, I will do that o quintessence of beauty.

(Maya looks at his face with love and continues to sob. Daniel, still sceptical, pats her left shoulder to calm her down. She then finally speaks after a moment of silence)

Maya(still sobbing): Daniel, I am entangled in the web of separation.

Daniel (sceptical): Web of separation? Please go straight to the point, Maya.

Maya: A grand ceremony will be held at our domicile tomorrow and...and ...

Daniel: And what Maya?

Maya(still sobbing): Daniel, that ceremony is earmarked for the wedding of me and Lamar Khan.

Daniel (shocked): What! Please Maya, tell me it's not true!

Maya: It is. Daniel, I am a slave to Lamar's love.

(Daniel kneels before Maya)

Daniel (sorrowfully and heartbroken): *O you whose love suffices only my soul*

And to your heart my love is girded

How can you gird another love to your heart?

Can't you see? There's no space?

Parting from you cuts my heart to shreds in sorrow, Maya. From these

wounds, O beloved, blood is flowing from my eyes. O look and see!

I am in a sea of grief- please my love, dive in and save me.

Maya(sorrowfully): O you to whose love I am a willing slave. I know, I know Daniel, that marrying Lamar merits only blame but my soul is chained with an anchor of melancholy. An anchor that will be made by the goddesses' eye, Queen Letizia whom I expected to save me. Tell me my love, who can combat the invisible and Catalonia's authority? How can I be saved?

At the mention of "how can I be saved", Daniel stands quickly and holds her two hands. And with tears in his eyes, he looks into her eyes and speaks with courage.

Daniel: Then, let's elope Maya. I wish to see your face unveiled now and forever.

Maya looks into his eyes with tears flowing down her cheeks. She wishes to speak but the pain keeps her from speaking. In silence, she still looks into his eyes. Then, Daniel breaks the silence.

Daniel(sorrowfully): Please, Maya...

Maya cries out loudly and hugs him. She then pushes him back a little and speaks...

Maya: Please Daniel, accept our fate. We can't stand the wrath of my father and the queen. My father hath written to Queen Letizia to invoke the seventy seventh law of Goja which says: Either to the suitor chosen by a father a daughter marries or to her lover's death! And you know what that means: the law of servitude has entangled my soul. I can't watch you die Daniel!

(She sobs again while she speaks)

I came here to say adieu to you my love.

But tell you the truth: you are my soul's beloved! It's you my soul desires! It's you alone I need! My soul another does not desire!

If it's the goddesses' wish that our souls be entangled in the web of love, then, let them speak when the time is due.

She turns to run backstage but Daniel holds her hand begging on his knees.

Daniel: No Maya! No! Leaving me is like leaving my heart without a home. You are my breath – how can I live without your presence?

Please, do not leave my heart

For your absence, assails my soul

In anguish, nothing can console

(He looks into the sky and shouts)

God! Let not the one who separates me from my love achieve his aim!

Work a wonder rare! Spill his blood on the altar of truth and love!

(He looks at Maya again and talks while crying)

O Maya, do not trust the spirit who denies my existence – kill it if you can!

Mark my words: to accept Lamar is a great burden. Can't you see? It transpires.

To your soul, I give my love as a gift

Please, do not trade it

I was in essence your true love. Why see me a gigolo?

Your heart is entangled to my soul.

(He stands to shout)

You love me Maya! I know you love me! Tell me!

Maya (with tears in her eyes): Yes I love you but I love fate more. Daniel, let fate fight for our love.

(She runs off after speaking as Daniel tries to hold her right hand but fails. He then paces up and down and cries out loudly. Hugo who had been standing at a corner looking at them walks to Daniel as if to console him)

Hugo (teasingly): Lover of the year, how ugly you look when you cry over a woman. I told you but you wouldn't listen. Why give your heart to lies and deceit? Loving Maya is like loving death. Thank the goddesses for giving you the cup of separation!

Daniel: No Hugo! I love this lady! Can't you see and feel?

Hugo: O you still love her after all the drama that just happened. Candidly, you are a servant of ignorance and a fool for life.

I tell you man, go purge your sense in the goddesses' cup of intelligence and discretion.

I am out of here! I have no time for frivolities.

(Hugo leaves the stage. Daniel so shocked, disappointed and pained, tears his garment apart and kneels. He then looks into the sky and with tears in his eyes he poeticizes in sorrow)

Daniel: *Ah! They stab at my soul – the nemesis*
of our love
The whole of my breath it seizes –
web of separation

Ever since I saw your unrivalled beauty
I said to the flowers:Behold!Here
comes the rainbow of resplendence
And when you spoke
Ah! I told the birds : Behold! Here
comes the maiden nightingale
And then my heart heralded to the world
the source of my life and happiness

I vowed never to disobey your beauty's order
That is: recognizing its existence and paying
tribute to it everyday
So my soul can live

Of what use will I become to the world if the source of my life and happiness is assailed and taken away?
Then, your breath is death's – the slayers tell me

She is gone! Maya is gone!
Slayers, sacrifice my soul
For to live in this world without Maya is like existing without knowing your creator

She is gone! Maya is gone!
Azrael, angel of death,
Here I am
Take my soul to the afterlife

Let me sleep and never wake up!

(He stands while wailing and limply walks backstage)

Exeunt

Act one

Scene four

The following day. Here the curtains draw. In the house of the Gonzalez. It's morning.

A dimly illuminated room. Large tables laid for the ceremony. Waiters in white thobes or kandura are fussing round each table. An orchestra behind the scene is playing the last figure of a quadrille. People of Catalonia are seated to witness the wedding of Lamar Khan and Maya Gonzalez. Enter Lucas and Erickson Dante.

The priest also stands to begin the occasion.

Priest (clears throat): *Buenos días a todos bienvenidos a esta gran ceremonia.* We are gathered here today to witness the formal joining in the legal state of matrimony of Maya Gonzalez and Lamar Khan, under the authority given and provided by the Government of the Province of Catalonia. By your presence, you celebrate with them the love they have discovered in each other and you support their decision to commit themselves to one another for the rest of their lives. Today we are here to celebrate love.

We come together to witness and proclaim the joining together of these two persons in a marriage based on love.

Though the groom is yet to come, but to you Maya I tell you this:

Marriage is a commitment. Its success does not depend on feelings, circumstances, or moods, but on two people who are loyal to each other, and the vows they took on their wedding day. Marriage acknowledges that while each of you is an amazing and unique individual, you are even better together. So I would ask that you always remember to cherish each other as special and unique individuals; respect each other's thoughts and ideas; and live each day that you may share it together. And as the two of you walk the road of married life together, you will quickly come to realize that marriage is not a one-sided affair. The concept of what's mine is mine and what's yours is yours will no longer apply. There will need to be a sharing in all things…and that includes the sorrows as well as the good times. But that

should be no cause for regret or concern, because the good times in marriage will always overshadow the sorrows, especially if you allow love to sustain you.

Both of you should understand that marriage is not to be entered upon thoughtlessly or irresponsibly, but with a due and serious understanding and appreciation of the ends for which it is contracted.

(In no moment, Hafiz Adam Taher, the six servants, Lamar Khan and his father, Sultan Khan enter.)

Lucas's maidens throw sweet scented flowers as they enter to herald to the people of their presence

(Lucas, happy to see them, gives the priest a sign to sit so he takes over. The priest nods in agreement. Lucas comes in front of the people as his soon to be father and son in-laws sit)

Lucas: O souls of Sultanate of Oman, tell you not lies but truth: there's nothing for my eyes to see in either world if you hadn't come. Welcome to my humble abode. Observe amid the atmosphere of serenity, happiness and beauty here. See how bright the fires of love glow impeccably! And as custom demands, I am to ask you about why you are here.

Sultan Khan: Well...well...well, I believe my son didn't bring me here today to meet a fool like you.

All : Oh Dios! Esto es tan irrespetuoso!

Lamar Khan (whispers into his father's ears): Father, please don't create a scene.

Sultan Khan (he ignores his request and looks at Lucas's face): Lucas, I was looking forward to seeing something extraordinary. We are the sources of wealth. How can we sit in the midst of these dirty people?

(He looks around)

Look at everywhere, full of disgust. Is this what you call an atmosphere of beauty? A classless marriage Lucas! When 'tis rumoured in Sultanate of Oman that there would be a grand wedding in Catalonia ere the daisies are in bloom. And then after the wedding would there be singing and concertina-playing in the town till late evening. Is this it?

Lucas: Please Sultan, do not whip my soul with words of reprimand. Tell me! Tell me drighten what your soul demands and I shall grant it now.

(Sultan Khan laughs teasingly and spits on the floor)

Sultan Khan: Did I just hear you say you will grant me what my soul demands? Look, even your goddesses cannot provide my needs.

Hafiz!

Hafiz Adam Taher: Yes my lord!

Sultan Khan: Give these dogs the items we brought in exchange for the lady.

Hafiz Adam Taher: As you wish Sultan.

(Hafiz orders his men to bring all the items. They put them in front of Lucas. Olivia who was looking at them from within enters)

Sultan Khan: Lucas, these items are worth a million. If you accept them and give your daughter to my son, I will pay you and your family 100,000 copper coins or jital every three market days. And I will send you fifteen bulls every year. Each bull will have gold in the belly and that's wealth. So will you?

(Olivia shouts from behind)

Olivia: No! No we won't accept! How dare you embarrass our family and still requests for a soul from us! How dare you?

(Sultan Khan smiles teasingly without uttering a word. Lucas interrupts)

Lucas: Shut up woman! As far as wealth rules, Maya must go!

The Catalonians gathered (shocked): Buena gracia! What! Lucas ! Bondad!

(They whisper loudly)

Some saying: upon all the disrespect, he still wants to accept. They begin to leave one after the other still in shock.

The two families look at them while they leave.

Olivia then looks at Lucas's face and speaks

Olivia (sorrowfully): *A man who is unconcerned I rail a horse:*

You play the knight, but find you are check and mate.

O world of discomfort, how can a man who has never foreseen

The time of his death know what "soul" and "love" mean?

I saw the sign

You saw the end

But ignorance assailed your soul

And then, Repercussions whispered:

At reason's fair mirror a stone do not throw;

If this mirror's broken there follows much woe.

God into dough then moulded water and earth

Fashioned you, man to mirror your family.

Naming you as sultan – drighten, and as vizier – security.

But where did you lead us?

Slavery in disguise

I have cried you a river

There's no drop left in me

Melancholiness drought - Endurance within

It brings back my sorrows to life – your betrayal

People of reason know my soul is defeated

A frustrated warrior – I relinquish before you, my ally antagonist

Peirce my heart with sorrow

But the peace of my mind allow it to linger

I bid devil farewell – danger appointed as our family's monarch

The master of secrets has cast down the veil.

What lies there discover, look under the veil.

See man there, acknowledge him, study him well.

No beast can the secrets of mankind assail.

(She looks at Khadija with tears in her eyes and sings. That song that she sang to her when she was a kid touches her so much that she also cries).

The song goes this way:

O Harkara de afecto(O messenger of love)

Tell my female fruit

The words of a mother :

My sores I healed when I perceived your presence, O my querida hija(dearest daughter)

O Maya, know the world is pleasing with your beloved there

I laid so many prayers at the goddesses' shrine door

If the good I wish for you is not fulfilled, what need of prayers have I?

(She runs backstage with tears flowing down her cheeks immediately

she ends the song. Maya also looks at her helplessly stretching her right hand as if to call her)

Maya (still crying and now soliloquizes) : *O Spain, where I first breathed, I sprang not more in melancholiness than at first hearing I was to live my Daniel, a moon-fated one, whose handsomeness seduced me by its glow, than now in first seeing that I am to live you. That my mother can't save me from becoming a weak carrion of nihility. My father has traded my dignity, aura and charisma like a slave to a stranger in a far land. And now when I leave, my life's ambitions lie in the dust.*

Lucas(interferes rudely): Enough! Enough! Enough! Maya, no rose has but its thorns. No pleasure but has its grief. 'Tis part of life. Enjoy your new marriage while it lasts.

Sultan Khan(teasingly): Our Sovereign gentleman, the classless father in-law who doth wanted simple and brief this wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz, hath shamefully sold his daughter off by his words. What are you waiting for men? Take her and let's leave!

Maya: Nay! Leave me!

(Hafiz Adam Taher and his men forcefully drag her to the chariot)

Exeunt

Act Two

Scene One

A fortnight later. It's evening, at Lamar's residence.

Enter Maya Gonzalez and Lamar Khan.

Maya: Leave here thy gift and go thy way.

Lamar: Nay! I come here not with only gift but ecstasy.

Maya: Ecstasy! What! Are you dreaming, Lamar! With eyes cast upon my cleavage/ Like a mad Prophet in an ecstasy?

Lamar: I have the right to your body. I married you with love!

Maya: Love? Marriage?When did thou profess love to me on the altar? What ſhall thou say if thou art asked about a Curate? Have I not the Preſentation of thy hands ? Where is thy ring on thy finger? My father, my father ***(she begins to sob)*** sold to you who only folly knows about me, a splendid pearl. And you bought me Lamar! ***(shouts)*** You bought me like a slave! You never married me on any altar! You never put a ring on my finger! Your men dragged me to Sultanate of Oman like an indentured

servant! How then are you my husband?

Lamar: Care not what thou sayest! You liveth under my roof! So come! Come and have me deep inside, and begin a slow rotation of your hips. And as you move, let the edges of your pale-blue dress caress my naked stomach and thighs. With the skirt of your dress spread out around you, O Maya, riding atop me, looking like a soft, gigantic mushroom that hath silently poked its face up through the dead leaves on the ground and opened under the sheltering wings of night. Please, let my erection grow larger and harder. Let me the strangest sensation, something that will go beyond simple sexual pleasure. O let my body jerk and shudder in response to your climax, so I see myself astoundingly move as if by choral music that surprises you, or a kiss from behind bestow by your lover on tiptoes. Please let out thy high keening call and let me feel an abrupt rush of my semen, race through me like twin Rivers, turning with an acidic twist but not slowing down. Let me grab hold of your back, instinctually afraid you may leave me I might but I will arch towards you as I come. Let me sense my pleasure passing through me. A perpetual lunge - like trying to discover the silver arc of a shooting star whose dive through the sky you've just caught out of the corner of your eye.

Let me surrender in you my semen at coaxing of your fingers that will leave a prodigious storehouse behind – almost a creepy abundance.

Let my scrotum, feet and hands go icy cold and my mouth – moments before filled with the slosh of desire – be dry as a wafer.

Let my muscles collapse, my lungs shrivelled like burst balloons, as you look down at me smiling, your eyes glassy, indistinct, like someone who has breathed in smoke: a burning room.

Maya: If any woman wants to have sex, she has got to trust at the core of the man's heart, the other creature. 'Tis by bond there is love-making. I can't even look you in the eye with passion Lamar! In the face of faded lust, where's thy love and passion? O I wish my father hath sold me a precious pearl to a connoisseur, Daniel Dacosta.

Lamar (angrily): Dare not mention the name of that fool in my presence!

Maya: Why? Have I in sage and solemn tunes sung? Or thou art insecure?

(Lamar slaps Maya)

Maya: Ay ay ay!

Lamar (angrily): On pain of my displeasure, on pain of thy mockery slap thou! Betwixt frankincense and limestone, gypsum and chromium, Daniel is but a trafh. Betwixt al-Lāt, the North Arabian goddess of pre-Islāmic times to whom a stone cube at aṭ-Ṭā'if (near Mecca) was held sacred as part of her cult that I worship and Goja, your Spanish goddess, he is but a charlatan and a dangling corpse in their eyes! So dare not mention his name in my presence anymore!

Maya: Then thou should be ready to kill me in darkness under the boughs

of a tree while the springtime moon is full and let the flowers alone host me on tonight because I, Maya Gonzalez ſhall forever mention Daniel's name!

Lamar (teeth gnarled): Moss ſhall overgrow Daniel's useless corpse beneath the ground anon. That I promise!

(He leaves to the door by the left)

Exeunt

Act Two

Scene two

Lamar's mosque. It's late night. Lamar paces up and down.

Enter Hafiz Adam Taher.

Hafiz (eulogizes): *Content thee, Lord Lamar Khan, in thy care and love.*

Men who in far-sighted called you a man who has immortal life for you immortal are and ever alive.

How can a man who knows not your watchman and custodian is the sun your proper worth assess?

You take the Merciful One's shape, the Merciful you are,

The Spirit Absolute, the word of God and the Koran.

You were the one who told the secret of the burning hills

You were the bright fire's Abraham. You are Moses and Imran.

If immortality you have, the source of life you are,

You are the sea, its coast you are. You are the shell and pearl.

A pearl not only of the sea - the ocean's pearl you are.

You are thought and beauty. You are attributes. You are desire

You are the portrait, and the over charmed by it you are.

You are the realm of darkness. You are death, destruction, life

The Flood to unbelievers, to believers Noah you are.

You are the balm and doctor, the recovery and pain.

The sufferer and the relief of suffering you are!

You are the Holy Book, its letters, he to whom God spoke

The word, the one who spoke it and the argument you are.

You...

(Lamar interferes quickly)

Lamar: Yetər(Enough)!Yetər(Enough)!Yetər(Enough)! 'Tis not time for eulogy. My heart is at rage. It needs blood to calm down.

(Hafiz angrily removes his sword)

Hafiz: Tell me Lord! Tell me how many people I should kill to console your heart!

Lamar: What I yearn to see: the heads of seven virgin slaves cut before me.

(Hafiz quickly orders his men and after a while, they come in with seven virgin slaves)

Lamar turns and looks at them as they shed tears

Lamar: *O you all who have not clearly seen the twin arched brows of the full moon*

The Koran's symbolic message shall not lightly comprehend.

Though an angel servant tends her fragrant lacks of hyacinth.

I no servant need: to me the sultan shall himself appraise.

See what final fate awaits you in the corner of the Mosque.

You who revellers and drunkards of the tavern reprehend!

Today, I no useless slaves need.

(He bows before an altar in the mosque and raises his hands to lay so many prayers to Allah and al-Lāt's heavenly gates.)

Lamar: If what I wish is not fulfilled, what need of prayers have I ?

(He orders Hafiz and his men to bring the sculptures of Allah and al-Lāt. They put them on the altar.

Lamar then goes to the female slaves. He disrobes them down to their waists, leaving their breasts exposed for all eyes to see. He then orders Hafiz and his men to disembowel three of them, and their intestines sliced up before their eyes. Loud noise from these females. They are emasculated and their body parts are destroyed. Fingers are chopped off, their noses and mouths and anuses are sliced open. The first female slave to the right, Fatima is stabbed 112 times, Aisha 88 times and Amina stabs are too numerous to count. Finally, their throats are sliced from ear to ear, heads practically decapitated. Maya hears the loud screams of these females and runs to the mosque to eavesdrop.)

Lamar: Deeds of Lamar are the will of Allah and al-Lāt.

Hafiz and his men: Allahu Akbar!

Hafiz: Men, throw these body parts into the Musandam Peninsula and leave

my Lord and I alone!

(They do as ordered)

Hafiz: O Lord, thy heart's rage is calm now. Tell me! Tell me Lord Lamar who sayeth a word to trouble thou!

Lamar: Hafiz, am I not good enough for any woman?

Hafiz(hastily): O pilgrim bound for Mecca, know that thou art the one that every demoiselle in the world is surrendering to your grace. How then are you not good for any woman?

Lamar(angrily): Then, why hath Maya refused to honour me with love? Why in her tresses' chains hath she my soul and body thus constrained? Does not this signify that World of Separation is the dwelling of my soul?

Hafiz kneels immediately and begins to calm him down with words.

Hafiz: O you whose face al-Lāt and Allah's hidden treasure is, are not thy lashes rows of arrows set to conquer a heart? If thou will turn thy brows into a bow, I beg you refrain.

If without feud you wish to shed more blood, I beg you refrain.

Lamar (angrily): I still love her "my Heart whispers". And she still loves someone else, "my Mind roars"*. (**shouts)*** I just slaughtered souls, pushed them on a journey: their dreams go wandering over withered fields. Locked in the peninsula: their dreams go wandering over rocks. I watched them as their breath wished the last of human desire: they grasped at the air. Of what regret shall have I if I shed her lover's blood?

*(**shouts)*** Hafiz, go to Muscat and take for thyself a promiscuous lady. Thou art to tell her to go seduce Daniel in Catalonia and send him to the grave yard, where the autumn fireflies linger with blossoms scenting the air , a carefree birdsong echoing truth: no single bone in his body is holy. 'Tis but an ash heap of stinking bones. Dig a deep hole and there bury these remains. Thus, not a grain of dust will stain the sweet garden where he liveth!

Hafiz: Eager to serve you Lord, go I.

(Maya hears the command and runs off.)

Exeunt

Act Two

Scene Three

That night. Maya writes a letter.

The letter:

Framed by Lamar's curls, his countenance is like an open book

I saw thy head, where conviction breathed and shone

Since men began to blame me for my love for thou

Thou hast become a man of notoriety, throughout the world thou art known

Thou art seen as a rag-and-tattered scoundrel, zealot vaunting many other gods

A hypocritical liar , a man who shall conviction gain

A man without belief

Thus, to thou they send a promiscuous demoiselle

A dazzling sun, whose face is like the moon when her veil is removed

And she scorches, like a moth, the men who to her taper-face have flown!

If such demoiselle's beauty is Judgement Day's seduction

Then mark my words: On the gallows of her locks, can hung your love

But if with yourself content, O Daniel, and another love do not desire

And thou love and cherish but only me, and another love do not desire

Then death thou ſhall escape

Since the world is treacherous, whom ſhall thou find loyal and true?

In this world of perfidy, a friend true do not desire

In the garden world of thorns a single bloom cannot be found

Hold your tongue! A flowerbed in barren lands do not desire

Pure gold is the sage's wisdom and his learning - a true coin.

Know what gold is and true coinage from a rogue do not desire.

From now onwards, do not even trust Hugo who denies the existence of love.

He, like, Satan will not bow when true lovers sayest: .O you who claim the lover lacks belief, come join the faith!

Thus to abuse the lover is a shame. Such lies disown!

To be with such a person do not desire.

Words of a lover,

Maya.

(She runs to the garden path closer to the stream to plead with Bilal, a Muslim Azerbaijani horseman who had been brought in as a slave after he was seen wandering around the Musandam Peninsula. Nobody knew his origin. He had lived in Sultanate of Oman for so many years and neglected. She gets to the stream. Bilal sits idle throwing stones into the stream)

Maya*:* Bilal!

(He stands to turn without uttering a word)

Maya: O Bilal, see how my heart is wounded. See how my breast is sorely pressed and thorn by bitter grief and pain. Come, show some grace to one who in sorrow languishes.

Bilal *(bows and speaks):* O Arabian Jewel, a man whose dignity Sultanate of Oman has stolen away you stand forth. A longing slave am I . How can a bankrupt man who trades without a penny to his name with no profit draws rid you of your sorrow when my life and grace are far drawn apart?

Maya: A slave? A bankrupt man who trades without a penny to his name? A man whose dignity is stolen from the land where he breathes? Who knows not who thou art? Bilal, if thou art pained by the thorns of Oman, why don't thou take the noose and burn brightly the shackles of servitude and loneliness?

Bilal: .*Zawjah*, *rəbbimin sevgilisi* (lover of my lord), why do you speak like Barhail, a god whose right hand that points to the East keeps the sun and his left hand that points to the West keeps the moon? Or are you Sabail, the protector of sea and wind who stands perpendicular to Barhail? And whose left hand prevents floods and separates the oceans from the continents while his right hand keeps the weather calm?

Maya : *Que insolencia*! (What insolence) How dare thou indirectly sayest my words are but the garb of demons? Observe the wonderfully strange condition of my moles! Do I look like the invisible?

Bilal: Nay, my queen, I dare not call your words the garb of demons? I am just surprised at your words that hast the aura and charisma of confidence. O observe Sultanate of Oman: the dazzling urban vista of towering temples, shrines and palaces clad in blue-glazed tiles, resplendent in gold, silver and bronze; all encircled by massive, impenetrable and fortified three rings of walls that are 40 feet tall. Walls so thick that two chariots, each drawn by

four horses, can pass each other with ease on the road that ran atop them.

Go outside and observe for yourself my queen: a colossal maze of terraced trees, shrubs, flowers and man-made waterfalls flowing into a broad deep moat full of water surrounding Sultanate of Oman, and within the moat there is another wall of 50 royal cubits wide and 200 high.

Please observe the wings of the gates of cedar wood coated with bronze, the lintels and the door knobs of brass fastened into the openings of the gates; massive bulls of bronze and dreadful, awe-inspiring serpents set up at their thresholds. These are done in order that the onslaught of battle might not draw nigh to Sultanate of Oman. So that no slave or denizen can leave Sultanate of Oman except for the permission of one in authority. How then my queen do I free myself from the shackles of slavery? I can't escape.

Maya: O Bilal, thou who bow in homage to the face of Adam and mankind, dost thou not believe in my power as the mistress of a man whose father is the Sultan?

Observe my tongue of flame. There's no tongue of flame that can compass me.

Bilal (goes closer): How?

Maya: Here!

(Maya hands the letter to him)

Maya: I , the lady of thy master, wish to send thou to Catalonia in Spain. I ſhall give the watchman an order to allow thou go. And after delivering the letter, you ſhall run.

Bilal: Then what happens to you my lady when Lord Lamar finds out?

Maya: A corpse dangling on the ground I am like. Of what ſhall I fear?

Bilal: Who is the person whom you wish to risk for?

Maya: A man who declared my face and all that's written there to be the Koran, to be the sacred tablet. The only man who first accepted that my being's dwelling place is the omnipresent's treasure among ruins.

Bilal: Is he worth the risk, *rəbbimin sevgilisi*? Why do you wish to risk for his soul?

Maya: I no need explain!

Bilal: Please my lady, of what proper worth is he that you wish death if that be the punishment?

Maya : Ask no more Bilal.

Bilal: No...my lady...

Maya (shouts) : Enough! Thou hast no idea how the separation from my beloved Daniel make my burning candle melt in grief and bitter tears

descend. **(*Begins to sob*)** Bilal, Lamar wishes to see Daniel fade in the eyes of men. He wishes to see my beloved land on the plain of nothingness.

Bilal: I'm summoned by the sage and the Koran to purity. Why stain my thobe or kandura by being an accomplice of adultery? Do you not know that it has been narrated on the authority of Ibn Juraij that the Qur'anic injunction says: "0 you who believe, obey Allah, His Apostle and those in authority from amongst You"? This is written in the holy Koran , book 20, number 4517.

And in number 4524 of book 20 in the Koran, it has been narrated on the authority of Abu Huraira that the Messenger of Allah (may peace be upon him) said: It is obligatory for you to listen to the ruler and obey him in adversity and prosperity, in pleasure and displeasure, and even when another person is given (rather undue) preference over you.

Arabian Jewel, I wish not go against Allah and the Koran. Lord Lamar is now my master and I have an obligation to obey him. So if he's involved in this, then please, count me out.

(He gives the letter to Maya and turns abruptly. His back facing her)

Maya *(sobs):* Bilal, please...

Bilal: Say no more O Arabian Jewel.

(Maya walks away in sorrow while Bilal now sits and throw stones into the stream as he was doing)

Exeunt.

Act Two

Scene Four

Maya walks to the far end of the stream and sits on a rock at its bank. It's deep in the night. In sorrow, tears flowing down her cheeks, she sings

The song:

O fate, me decepcionó (I'm disappointed)

Y me alejo más de ti (And I move away from you)

Porque yo ya no quiero sufrir (I just watch and think)

Quiero ser feliz (I want to be happy)

Tu amor es venemo y más (Your love is poison and more)

Y yo siento un dolor en mi alma (and I feel a pain in my soul)

Pero con calma (but calmly)

Como me siento (how I feel)

Te llamo para confirmar (I am calling to confirm)

Pero tú no quieres contestar (but you don't want to answer)

Tú me matas (you kill me)

Yo no sé cuál fue la razón (I don't know what was the reason)

Estoy destrozado (I am shattered)

Tenía fe en ti, pero jugaste y sufrí (I had faith in you, but you played and I suffered)

En verdad estoy mal (I really am wrong)

Aquí estoy yo en mi soledad (here I am in my solitude)

Yo nunca te mentí (I never lied to you)

Tú eras todo mi mundo entero (you were my whole world)

Y es que la verdad tú me dejas en cero (and the truth is that you leave me at zero)

Todo mi amor y mi ser (all my love and my being)

Yo te entregué todo, ¿por qué? (I gave you everything, why?)

O mi corazón ya no está igual (my heart is no longer the same)

Una herida que sí es fatal (a wound that is fatal)

Y lloro cuando hay lluvia (And I cry when it rains)

Porque cuando lo hago nadie me escucha (because when I do no one listens to me)

Me ahogo en mis lágrimas (I drown in my tears)

No me siento mejor (I don't feel better)

Abruptly, a clap of thunder. A rain drop falls on the hair of Maya. There's a sudden gust of wind. It blows through her hair as she stops singing and stands beside the rock. Appear three dwarf-like and charming witches who are from the East of Arabia and on a journey to a quiet village, Tossa de Mar in Spain to bargain for the souls of some of its residents in exchange for their darkest wishes.

First witch: O you who are married to the Sower of Confusion, why make the sky shed tears?

Maya turns immediately as she hears the voice behind her. She bows quickly in fear without uttering a word.

Second witch: 'Tis the hour of devils. Why stay awake?

Third witch: In "The Tale of the Herdsman", a cryptic fragment of a Middle Kingdom story, a herdsman encounters a hairy, animal-like goddess in a marsh and reacts with terror. On another day he encounters her as a nude, alluring woman. The irony of every woman: one who can be wild and dangerous or benign and erotic.

You pushed away your strength and here you are in today's night, cursing fate with the flames of your sorrow

Come tell us now, what remedy may heal your broken heart?

So we may tell it to the wind when she ſhall look your way.

Maya(sobs, her voice shaking): O thou bizarre creatures that I know not, "I was Daniel's!" his features said and in his hair's noose, I was hung.

My sores I healed when I perceived his presence. I sorely miss him now, of other healing what need have I ? O shall I my eyes again upon his flirting eyes like raiders ever lay when Lamar's lips are thirsting for my beloved's blood?

Third witch: Who distinction makes between love and sacrifice

Is an ignoramus, nothing does he know.

(Immediately they laugh, begin to dance, gyrating, shaking and quivering in a trance as if in a reverie around a cauldron with fire in front of them. Maya, more frightened this time, took to her heels leaving the letter behind. One of the witches picks it.)

Exeunt

Act Three

Scene One

Morning. Daniel awakes as he hears a knock on his door. He goes to open but to meet the absence of no one. He sees a letter on his doorstep and picks it up.

He opens and reads. Quickly, he runs inside, takes with him some few clothes and runs off to Ninã Hermosa, Maya's nanny who had been sacked by Lucas after Maya left to Sultanate of Oman.

Ninã Hermosa, now old, sits on a chair and soliloquizes about her life:

O no ring had I from a man, no child bear I from the reflection of a man or a god

Though many my faults, and my passions strong, and sins of Self were to down,

I have forged ahead, and my brow deserves, though never it were, a crown.

So I praise myself for the fights I fought against all the hosts of hell,

Especially that devil of a man, the one who gave me food and drained it from my body with insults and rejection

Though I knew at last was a greedy grave, and a shroud and a funeral bell,

I have trod the path which, I know not why, leads on to the lonely tomb

And never a man or seraph or saint more boldly has marched to Doom

I care not what sage or sophist might do, what higher beings might say,

What counsel of man, what wisdom of a goddess, may have shown a better way;

Had they fought like me, had they bled like me as they crept through earth to die in a master's house yet not a war,

I would challenge them all to take up my lot and bear it better than I.

I have asked for aid from the sons of men – they have left me all alone;

I have prayed the gods and goddesses for a loaf of bread- they have always given a stone

So I clenched my teeth, and doubled my fists, and I fought to hold my own,

And the mobs of men, when I helped myself, have begged me accept a throne.

So little I care if they say my words are vanity, pomp or conceit,

For I know that Self and Self alone, can bring me a mess of meat.

So the little tin gods of the old-time bards I shove in dust on the shelf,

And asking no leave of a living soul, I will go gentle into that good night when my soul wishes

Daniel: Ninã Hermosa! Ninã Hermosa!

Enter Daniel in a haste.

Ninã Hermosa falls off her chair.

Daniel immediately helps her to sit.

Ninã Hermosa: Indeed, there are reasons – which made you, an invention of breakout semen to come forth to this rat hole I call a home. Strong enough- it seems to me that thou deserve not to be here.

Or maybe there's, however, an infirmity of my mind, a kind of mental hyperopia, that blurs my perception of a young man in a haste to hear something from the mouth of a dejected old hag and frustration.

Ahora habla joven (Now speak young man)

Daniel (hastily): 'Tis a letter from Maya. Maya sent to me a letter!

Ninã Hermosa: Oh Dios, a letter from Maya? But how?

Daniel: I know not. A knock on my door, there's no one but a letter on my doorstep.

Ninã Hermosa (whispers to herself): A knock on thy door, there's no one but a letter on thy doorstep? ***(Shouts)*** Oh Dios, young lover, the ghost of the child I mothered for years as if my own hath come to lament and mourn.

Daniel: No Ninã, Maya is not dead!

Ninã Hermosa: Or it may be that time will bury her memory deep as the hidden sleep of those who lie in some forgotten churchyard; but my judgement is that the future holds for her a fadeless crown of amaranth and gold.

Daniel: Why speak ill of my lover, the Spanish lady whose words are but some lyrics that awakens the response in a common man's breast, and makes him feel stronger for the day's work and superior to the day's faults and failures?

She sent to me a letter. I care not how she delivered but 'tis important to read.

He hands it to Ninã. She takes it and begins to read.

A few minutes later, she begins to sob.

Ninã Hermosa (sobs): O my Maya, the modest of women, in whom verily there dwelt no guile nor conceit. But her graces of mind are plenteous, and she hath a memory like the British Museum Library and its material arranged as orderly.

Daniel(looks into the sky as if to have a flashback):

O she was lovelier than an April morn,

With April skies, and April birds and bloom,

With April songs, and April suns and showers,

First laughing and pouting, Now in tears

But ever bringing words of protection and delight.

Ninã Hermosa: She loves you and hath given to you words of protection that burn with passion, many that ache with a sorrow that can dew the face of a Niobe in tear-drops sharp as acid. O let sunset burst upon thou, in her words with a variety of forms and colours like those the Divine Artist throws upon the evening sky. Let her matchless words of protection be on birds, and flowers and trees; indeed, no woman thou more love than she.

Daniel (goes closer and holds the hand of Ninã Hermosa):

Forever perished seems the age of love,
With all the May-morn glory of the past;
Where now the songs the minstrels sang of old,
A thrill with fervour like a trumpet blast?

Ah, in those days, Life sipped of morning dew,
Fresh from the bosom of a springtime bud;
My lover's pink white feet on skylark pinions flew,
All April's ardour tingling through her blood.

Now is the sordid age of Separation and Pain:
Now bloated Oizys rules the jungle of lovers;
I, like the painter, strives in pain, –
O glorious Doom, to hide my love in disgrace!

Ah, Maya and I are only struggling pioneers,
To blaze the path for young men and women yet to be;
Ours is the task to dig through thankless years,
And find the temple of love that we may never see

Sometime that golden age again ſhall come,
The Golden glory shine once more for lovers.
But that far day ſhall dawn when my lover and I are stuck in the tombs,
And who ſhall mourn us, who ſhall sit to see us show the way to love?

Far in the future, through the jealous haze,
We see the Golden city of love reared to Ecstasy;
We see its cloud-encircled turrets blaze,
As splendid as the sunset's burning heart.

That promised land our feet may never tread,

Our hands may never pluck its flowers and fruits;
Our cheeks may never flush from white to red
From passion-pealing of its lovers' lutes.

Yet in that purple age I wish a bard of love
To say of us these little words of praise:
“O they plodded on through sharpened flint and shard,
Though sordid cares pursued them all their days.

In darkest hours they wrought with cheerful will:
They shared the exile of their precious love;
Though men denied applause, they laboured still,
Nor fought nemesis of love with their fists.

So, like a priest who guards a Temple’s light,
They trimmed the lamp whose flame was nearly gone:
They kept their vow to watch it through the night,
And died beside it at the birth of dawn.”

Ninã Hermosa: Whence came thou once again o you bard of love? Whence did thou learn such great poetry?

Daniel: From a school established by royal charter of King Edward VI in 1553: King’s Grammar School in Stratford.

Ninã Hermosa*:* O I see...Live here with me, for the sake of Maya, so thou ſhall escape Death.

Daniel nods.

Exeunt

Act Three

Scene Two

The promiscuous demoiselle arrives at Catalonia in the night. And per the

direction, she sneaks into Daniel's garden and realises his door is locked. She hears the footsteps of someone and hides in the plants. It's Hugo.

Hugo: Dacosta... Dacosta... Dacosta!

Hugo calls his name as he realizes that his door is locked.

Hugo: O whence go this British fool! Today's night promises seduction. How then do I get some dollars for the brothel along Costa Brava? Oh Dios!

(The promiscuous demoiselle eavesdrops. A thought flashes through her mind: maybe she could use Hugo to know Daniel)

The Promiscuous demoiselle: And what if I seduce the night's seduction with my slim beauty that shames and stirs the splendid tree of Paradise. And from me, O Arabian Beauty, it learns new graces?

(Hugo turns and in awe, he beholds at the beautiful body breathing in front of him: Her Amazonian figure sit well on her wafer-thin body. She has a decanter shaped waist and her complexion has an impeccable, ochrous hue. Her pencil-thin eyebrows eases down gently to her black, beetle's-leg eyelashes. A sculptor could not have fashioned her seraph's ear sand pixie's nose any better.

When she broke into a smile, her beguiling, oyster-white teeth lit up the garden. It could jolt a man like an electric current when that megawatt smile gave any her full attention. Filed to perfection, her Venus-red fingernails run through her nougat-brown hair. Spools of it plunges around her photogenic face and hides a swan's neck, elegant and smooth. He loves her nebulous, Eden-green eyes which are a-sparkle with the 'joie de vivre'. They are like two beryl-green jewels melted onto snow.

Her calamine-pink lips tastes like rose petals. It surprises him that they are plump and botox-boosted as she has a demure, timorous personality. Her words to him is in a dulcet voice as sweet as any songbird. Her voguish cloths still keep captive an aroma redolent of cinnamon and meadow-fresh mint. It roamed in the garden.)

Hugo(in awe): *Una belleza tan perfecta!* (Such perfect beauty)

(He goes closer) O thou Arabian goddess, thy hair , ***(he touches it)*** as emollient as eiderdown and is like a loom of molten-gold swooping past thy ethereal neck, framing thy slavic- face perfectly. O when thou look at me with thy nebulous, Eden-green eyes that art seductive, O my heart stops. Thy eyes art like two plasma-blue gems slumbering in milky pools. They are a-smoulder with passion and has a hypnotic quality to them. They are gleaming with an unearthly quality above thy concave cheekbones and they shine with the faraway look of a star gazer.Thy Sliver-of-moon eyebrows are burglar-black and steal my soul. If thou had just batted those long and languorous eyelashes in my direction, I could have held thou tight. See me staring at thy pouting, silicone-enhanced lips. They are Aphrodite-red and look as sweet as strawberries. Thou hast a telegenic look and a statuesque

figure. It is comely to the eye and

Svelte and sultry. Thy sea-nymph ears, tucked away in the glorious tresses of thy hair, look delicate and pared to perfection. O thy smile seem fixed with fluorescent, archangel-white teeth. It is made more ravishing by thy uber-tan. The summer sun might have leaked in and burnished thy bronze with its rays. O the birds say: *thy voice is as lilting and fluty as a nightingale. She is a gimlet-eyed paragon of pulchritude.*

O aye, aye Arabian Pearl, please drink with me wine in today's night's seduction, for the sherbet of your lips is a healing source – they have drunk deeply of the grace of Ecstasy.

The promiscuous demoiselle: Pearls from hands of foolish people buyers cheaply may acquire. Can a man who knowledge lacks a splendid Pearl's true value know?

Hugo: Do you doubt my words O you whose face I cannot tear my eyes away? Say it so I may swear to it by the goddess.

The promiscuous demoiselle: You called me a goddess and a pearl. If a pearl I am to you, and the value of a pearl you truly know, then why do you ask of me night's ecstasy without paying a price?

Hugo: O Arabian Beauty, I have no money on me but if I am to sell all I have to a merchant so I may pay the price, then so be it. Once Hugo has a solemn promise made, he shall keep it, for 'tis a vow to the goddess.

The promiscuous demoiselle: I no need what you have O Spanish wretched man. Do you not know I have eyes? Your appearance alone tells of the worth of your properties? Can it even buy a peasant?

Hugo (melancholy): Thy words grip my soul, in anguish nothing can console. Observe amid the smoke of sighs how bright the fires of sorrow glow! Is it not clear into what depths untold of grief and suffering my heart thou throw?

The promiscuous demoiselle: A man must be tortured by his desire so he may hold in high esteem what he wished for when gotten. I see you as a man who is double-dealing and whose utterance is false. I do not trust your utterances, I do not heed your tales of woe. I take my leave. ***(She picks her belongings. Hugo watches her physique again and holds her right hand to stop her)***

Hugo: Please...

The promiscuous demoiselle: Then hear what I need.

Hugo nods.

The promiscuous demoiselle: Before I tell you what my soul needs, Spanish gentleman, love's close secret should be known to none but him who is in love..

Can a man who does not love the lover's secret ever know?

Hugo: A man who loves the lover's secret thou stand forth. Even the veil with the world I shall not exchange. Tell me O thou Arabian woman like a goddess what thou wish.

The promiscuous demoiselle: I seek the life of Daniel!

(The words hit Hugo so hard that he falls to the ground)

Hugo (now standing): Why…? How…? Why…? What…!

The promiscuous demoiselle: I, your desire, seek the life of Daniel.

Hugo turns, his back facing her.

Hugo: I can't! I can't! Daniel is my amigo!

The promiscuous demoiselle: And I am your desire! Your ecstatica! The one who fhall comfort your pleasure! Where's the strength of a man if he fails to hold his sexual pleasure, his legitimate right, as his priority?

Do you wish to exchange your pleasure with a man whose origin you do not know? Then O even the flowers will tell you: for a fig you sold your happiness. Its proper price you did not know. Worthless is a man who for a song lets his desire go.

(She goes closer and embraces Hugo from behind. She kisses him on the left cheek. Hugo feels the affection and pouts.)

Hugo (whispers): Tell me if thou wish his head on a tray.

(The promiscuous demoiselle smiles. Her plan has worked impeccably)

Exeunt

Act Three

Scene Three

Hugo perambulates in search of Daniel Dacosta in the morning while the promiscuous demoiselle lays in full-sated slumber. It's been three days and he still haven't seen the man many heads seek his blood.

He goes back home in the night to the promiscuous demoiselle with the same old news: nowhere to be found.

The promiscuous demoiselle impatiently and angrily pushes a table beside her.

The promiscuous demoiselle: *You lazy Hugo! Have you not heard the cleric's hymns:*

The hard worker is the great high-priest of the gods,

Creator like the Lord who gave him breath,

The father of all fruits, spouse of the sod,

The friend of life, and enemy of death.

But he who toils not, bears a shrivelled soul,

Is it fit for deserts, or for realms of rocks;

For him no Victor's palm, no race, no goal,

Mate for the sloth, true brother to the ox?

Have you not heard you lazy Spanish fool the prophet's gospel:

The man who goes beyond the seas to destroy what he hates breathes wholesome air,

And sleeps a sleep remorse cannot affright;

His peace of mind is stranger to despair,

His freedom unconfined as morning light.

What though the pagans build Temples to destroy his religion?

That enemies build kingdoms to destroy his legacy?

His manhood scatters hardships in defeat,

And every battle makes him stronger still?

Go back Hugo ! Go back and get me Daniel if you wish peace for your soul! Go back and make yourself a legend!

Hugo: *Do thou for once sit to wonder why I walk and walk on lonely streets where no one seems to watch,*

When my stress and distress refuse comfort,

And when my effort gives but a wreath of weed?

Will thou not applaud me? Have I not done my best?

That I go out seeking the blood of a man I called an amigo

Not as a King nor Duke

Surrounded by the pomp of Spears and Shields,

But as a patient peasant, suffering scorn and wrong,

(shouts in anger*)*

Do thou seek my blood before thou acknowledge my effort?

The promiscuous demoiselle: Your blood is like the mud that dirty Arabian dwarves dance in before my eyes. Run to the East of Arabia and hear for yourself: men shed blood over my beauty and pleasure.

Of what woman I might become if I allow you to walk freely after having a taste of my flesh? Every lady of the night has a price.

So I may seek not your blood but your breath.

I will make the keen winds pierce your threadbare coat,

The rain beat hard down on your dizzy head;

Half-mad, half-starved, as you beg a rusty groat,

When hope and pride from your shivering soul have fled.

Hugo(angrily): Dare not threaten me in my own domicile thou stranger from an Arabian village! I hate threats for in threats I see slaves!

(He turns to hang his coat. The promiscuous demoiselle, unable to control her anger, takes a shaft beside her and hits Hugo's head with it. He screams and falls dead. The promiscuous demoiselle knowing he just killed a man quickly packs her belongings and runs off)

Act Three

Scene Three

The promiscuous demoiselle runs to Sultanate of Oman by sea and gets there in the morning. She goes straight to Lamar's harem, where he and Hafiz are having a discussion. Enter the promiscuous demoiselle in a haste.

Lamar (happy to see her as he is expecting what his ears yearn to hear): *A nation lifts her voice to greet her home*

A laurel bough she's given

From sea to sea the triumphs sung by Arabia and Oman is heard: "Well done you O woman like a knight -errant of the ocean foam.

*Come (**he beckons)** come you like a yeoman in the stifling holds of the ships, half-naked and fainting in fearful heat,*

And there in matted vines or sword grass stubble that pierces your half-shod feet,

And there in the rattle of rifles, where the cynical bullets

Go snarling by,

You O with white breasts, like a stately swan,

Who go forth to brave the wild waves of the deep,

When summer skies are rosy with the dawn,

And all deceitful tempests seem asleep,

Come and tell me how you made that British knight fool sleep in silent rank

With never a wreath of laurel, or medal, or badge for a nation's thanks.

The promiscuous demoiselle (bows down her head): O I like a solemn servant is far too highly trained to betray the slightest satisfaction. And that's why though, I bowed with icy deference to your words of eulogy, my heart is heavy with shame and sorrow. I'm like the Great Gaels of Ireland, the men that God made mad, / For all their wars are merry and all their songs are sad.

Lamar (he frowns): And that means...?

The promiscuous demoiselle: I searched everywhere like a voyager for his life but disappointment kept bouncing back at me. In the morning, when the Summer glares with scorching heat, I strike the dust with potent rod like a prophet hoping to see the glory of a miracle. But once again, disappointment bounced back.

Lamar (angrily): Arrant nonsense! I pardon him who steals a loaf of bread, but not the wretch who breaks my tender trust, and leaves me with aching heart of disappointment.

My soul forgives any poor old drunken man, any outcast, shivering through the cruel town, but not the chieftain of a clan of failure who steals my happiness and wears a crown.

(He removes a knife from his pocket and grabs her) I paid you with jital worth a village's fortune and yet you return here with tattered news? Today, I ſhall make sure you kiss no more the rose when red, I ſhall pave a path so you meet Death who ſhall wreath you with forlorn cypress! ***(He raises his knife wanting to stab her dead)***

The promiscuous demoiselle: No! Please! Do not push my soul on an expedition to a land where greyish white head stones will dot the landscape before me. Where fleshless men and women, those without skins, walk like lame ducks. Please! ***(Shouts while panting in fear)*** Methinks, someone informed Daniel about your plan and thus escaped!

(Lamar immediately leaves her. He and Hafiz look at each other)

Lamar (shouts angrily): Leave my sight this minute!

(She runs off immediately)

Lamar : Hafiz, do you think what she said could be true?

Hafiz: O son of Islam, I know not the mysteries of Nature for Nature is vast, mysterious, transcendent; man, a puny creature, scarcely in the thought of nature at all and then, only as a despicable, sprawling thing. Nature is sometimes the theatre boards, upon which man stalks in gigantic strides

and plays his part. Nature…

Lamar(angrily interferes): O spare me those …! A few words could have been said in response to my question! You think I know not the prophet's hymns: the contest with Nature is one which all must face; it's inevitable; it's one that from the cradle to the coffin ceases not. We may live in peace with our neighbours, or we may contend with them, grow weary of strife, and agree on an armistice. But with Nature, we can never negotiate a truce; between us there can be no cessation of hostilities?

Hafiz: Pity for me show. 'Tis for thy grace I know much of philosophies and hymns. I beg to respond to thy question.

Lamar: Go on.

Hafiz: Some years ago, an Athenian man and his family found themselves in exile and, like many refugees, set out for safety. Along the way, they hear stories of the terrifying and bloodthirsty dwarves, who were waylaying refugees on their way to the oracle. On their journey they soon encountered three angry dwarves who immediately began to battle them. O so sad all were killed except a baby. Few hours later after the dwarves had left, an Egyptian huntress from a remote forest uses that route and comes across dead humans and a baby. She immediately took the baby and ran off with her to Dendera in Upper Egypt where she came from. And there the baby who grew to become very beautiful was trained as a clairvoyant or soothsayer of a great deity. She's able to see what the naked eyes cannot see. Methinks, we ought to find out from her.

Lamar (hastily): Quickly, arrange for some horses and men. We leave now!

(Exits Hafiz)

Exeunt

Act Three

Scene Four

Lamar and Hafiz arrive at night in Dendera, Egypt. They see some ear-ringed, turbaned sailors at the shore dancing while beggars in peasantry finery dresses: some old, some young, some crippled, and some blind play music with sounds of flutes and violin afloat soothing into dreams the eyes of dozing night. One throws his violin, chained in fiery strings onto a plain area and beckons a lovely barefoot girl to come forth. She, like a bird within a cage of all her woe, of all her grief glory sings and kneels. No doubt she's a captured slave. Her oval face like sunset-crimsoned dusk; From tattered sleeves she lifts imploring hands, a Queen of Beauty begging for a husk. The men laugh loudly in cachinnation. And then a man in black mask and black kandura steps forward saying:

O barefoot beggar-maid, I fear your kiss,

I fear the glory of your twilight eyes!

Thorns mingle in the blossoms of your bliss,
You smite the strong, you stultify the wise.

Behind your smile I see the scowl of hate,
Your dimple hides a dagger like a sheath;
Beside you is the warning face of Fate,
To love you means to play at Dice with Death.

For on your land the hills of Capri swells,
Like deep blue clouds afloat in pale blue skies,
Where dark Tiberius learned his lesson well,–
. All earthly joys and ecstasies are lies!

And, silent, over all Vesuvius looms,
Like Gabriel waiting for the Judgment Day
When Naples ſhall become a waste of tombs,
And all this youth and beauty pass away.

He raises his right hand to the crowd and shouts:*Bucură-te, oameni din Egypt! (Hail Men of Egypt)*

As they respond in similar words: *Bucură-te, oameni din Egypt!*

Hafiz and Lamar watch for a while and move to approach them from behind.

An old woman: Look, some men on horses.

(Immediately the men remove their weapons ready to attack)

The man in mask: So, you homeless, hungry outcasts, stealing sleepless through the night seeks in Dendera a refuge from a world where Might is Right?

Lamar: Lo! Even an Arabian pauper on our land is far richer than your Masters of the market that dine from gold and silver plate with parks and palaces surrounding them in their insolence of state.

A man from the crowd: How dare you spew nonsense you sunburnt

peasant and a burdened slave!

Hafiz and his men remove their weapons ready to attack but Lamar raises his right hand as a sign that they should stop.

Lamar: We come here not as men demanding the residents' rights, not as vagabonds or vagrants nor as men who scorn to shirk. We are here to unravel a mystery.

The man in mask: Which mystery you men whom Failure calls her own?

Lamar: That is not for you to know. I seek to see the clairvoyant from Athens.

(The man in the mask looks at them for a while and beckons an old woman to take them to the clairvoyant.

She leads them to a very vast and plain field with trees at its sides and a temple at the far end and leaves. They ride on their horses heading toward the temple. They get to the temple gate and enter, but then something strange happens: immediately, winds through some odorous orchards blow fiercely, and some creamy hawthorns through the fences twine. Lamar and his men fall off their horses and they shout in the stifling holds of their horses' legs, half-naked and fainting in fearful cold. And there on the vast plain compound of the temple, stones pierce their half-shod feet and go snarling by. A strike of thunder, they look forward and see to their amazement four figures, half-men and half-cows with their skin as hairy as goats moving as though the rhythm of their walk were marked by a music that only they could hear and they approached the temple's entrances at the same pace , covering equal distances. They reach the four entrances of the temple at the same instant, bow and look into one another's faces through the four entrance arches, and then they turn to look at Lamar and his men signalling them to come in. Lamar and his men, though frightened leave their horses and enter the temple and in there is a fair woman in turquoise sheath robe and furred gown wearing a headdress of cow horns and a sun disk. Around her are four maidens each in turquoise colour and has the head of a cow. They sit in a circle on stone seats, in the middle of a green meadow dotted with daisies and buttercups, and they perfume the air with flowers and incense. And in hymns, they play tambourines, harps, lyres and sistrum in Hathor's honour and sing to the hearing of every soul, the nymphs, the imps, the satyrs and men in and out of the temple:

Hathor, Hathor, .Ἁθώρ Hathōr, ϩ□□□□,.ḥwt-ḥr,ḥwt-ḥrw

The ancient Egyptian deity of many realms:

Mother to Horus, god of the sky, and Ra, the sun god;

O goddess of beauty including cosmetics, sensuality, music, dancing

and maternity

Protector of women,

A lioness, a cobra , a sycamore tree

Symbolic mother of the sky , Eye of Ra, Ra's feminine counterpart

A true Queen who crossed boundaries between worlds

Helping deceased souls in the transition to the afterlife.

The Golden One – Radiance of the Sun

Hear the temple of Dendera: your rays illuminate the whole earth.

They then stand and pour on the fair woman wine mixed with acacia leaves and then she also stands, dancing to the point of exhaustion and hallucination, all this to the rhythm of primitive hymns and musical instruments from the maidens and the four half-men, half-cows. She dances very fast as she begins to narrate what she sees: *I see myself running through the woods in the dark, and then I see a goddess in her fine gown sparkling through the moon . She immediately appears on the earth and chases wild beasts, catches them and eats their still-throbbing flesh.*

She falls exhausted after talking, succumbing to a leaden sleepiness, on a blanket of fragrant cotton.

Total darkness at once. Lamar and his men stand in awe, too shocked to move.A voice is heard behind: *I long to soar from sod,*

And tread in glory of celestial grace ;

To live beyond the time my grave is trod,

Proving a crowned- queen of immortal race;

To emulate beatitudes of the goddess,

To reach her Kingdom and behold her face.

Lamar and his men not looking back due to fear kneel immediately and bow their heads.

The fair woman: *Far out to sea I hear the homebound seabirds wing and sing*

Then, one by one, lights of the Egyptian stars

Sparkle encircling round the moon.

O the moon seems fallen from her throne on high,

So clear and close she comes to earthly view,

And in the blue Corolla of the sky,

Carina quivers like a drop of dew.

Here comes the Queen's presence. Hathor seeks thy demand. Speak thou O Arabian men who wish to unravel a mystery!

Lamar: O Gold of Dendera*,* ***(he tears his robe and removes his turban)*** my heart is a blend of mirth and melancholy, smiles and tears for I fear to leave my shadow behind in the presence of Arabian men yet I know that today, I ſhall go home smelling the blood of a traitor.

(He raises his hands)

Did they not say that the custom is to give your heart to one in love?

I gave my heart, but my beloved shook her tresses all about, and threw them into the wind ready to leave a heart without a home.

I tried ***(he kneels in tears)*** *I tried O Gold of Dendera to let her know that by her eyes, I am stricken with a sickness sweet, smitten by eye-narcissus may no other ever be!*

Yet she assailed my soul with the cruel burden of her ignorance and sung from city gates : O you British gentleman with handsome face, O smiling rosebud, come hither! Come so I may gaze by night and day with fervent passion upon your face and hairy chest.

She my possession, now a woman wailing for her demon lover.

No sooner had her arrow-lash of ignorance and deceit my heart invaded

So I decided to kill her demon lover, that British gentleman with a lover's vengeance javelin so he might sleep and never return.

But he like Sisyphus escaped Death. And it baffles me! It baffles me O Gold of Dendera, how a man in a far land could smell death from Oman and escape!

I think someone leaked the information and I am here to find the traitor!

The fair woman: The traitor is a woman within your heart.

(Lamar and his men look at each other)

Lamar: A woman within my heart?

The fair woman: Before you is dust. Look into it and tell me what you see.

(Lamar looks and sees to his wonder Maya writing a letter)

Lamar (panting): My beloved! I see my beloved!

The fair woman: The woman, your possession, wrote a letter to tell her lover of your plan. She tried to persuade a slave to deliver it and escape but he refused. And so she sung and cried. Her voice so melodious that Nature felt it and did to her a favour through an Arabian witch.

Lamar (shockingly shouts):No!No! Betrayal! Betrayal! Betrayal from a wife? My possession!

The fair woman: Go and give to any beggar within Egypt a jital for your mystery has been unravelled. Go and never watch back! Go! Go!

(They quickly run out of the temple using the western entrance, sit on their horses and gallop off)

Exeunt

Act Four

Scene One

Maya Gonzalez tells the female slaves an encouraging story in one of the temples. It's morning.

Maya Gonzalez: *And there was once a slave girl*

Who, like Cinderella sits barefooted in the ashes there ,

Robbed of her sceptre and her throne and crown,

A beggar-child, once fairest of the fair.

(Some sob as she says the last line. She notices it and looks at them and says)

"Take courage, little orphan! There shall be

A morn of triumph for thy night of woes;

There is a necklace and a ring for thee,

A silken garment and a wreath of Rose." Says a hunched back dwarf.

And there was another slave girl,

Like Juliet in her old ancestral halls,

Beset by foemen and their treacherous spies,

She gazes at the grim, forbidding walls,

And spends the weary day in sobs and sighs.

“Fear not! For freedom is thy Romeo,

And he ſhall snatch thee from thy hateful cell,

Though three-score thousand vassals bid him go,

And three-score thousand churls stand sentinel.” Says a night mermaid from the Bermuda triangle.

O you captive maidens before me, though thy castle tower

Be girt with fifty battlements of stones,

Though flaming dragons should surround thy bower,

Thy freer soon ſhall win thee for his own.

So thou shalt come forth blushing by his side,

From dungeon, iron gate, and granite wall,

His fairy princess and his beauteous bride –

For he ſhall woo and wed thee, spite of all.

(A bang on the door. Hafiz and his men storm the temple)

Hafiz: Lamar seeks your presence thou traitor of Arabia!

(Maya quickly picks up a knife on a table beside her)

Maya: Do not see me a weakling! For I am as strong to smite as thunderbolts above and yet as gentle as a blameless dove.

(Hafiz also pulls a sword and points it at one of the female slaves. They scream.)

Hafiz: Any wrong move and she’s gone to the lifeless world*. (**shouts)*** Surrender! Now!

(Maya raises her two hands in the air. Hafiz’s men drag her to Lamar’s harem)

In Lamar’s harem.

Lamar (walks around her): Suddenly, a Queen assailed me with betrayal’s dart. The Queen, like the moon, serene and fair in every part whose unrivalled beauty I surveyed, plunged my soul so deeply with an arrow of wickedness.

Maya*, **(he holds her chin)*** what did I ever do to you?

Maya: I know not what you ask of me.

Lamar slaps her.

Lamar (angrily): How dare you lie in my presence!

Maya: I know not what you ask of me. If you know the truth, where's its argument and cause?

Lamar: Maya, did you not write a letter to Daniel so he would escape Death?

(Maya remains mute)

Lamar (shouts angrily): Answer me!!!

Maya (boldly): Yes did I! Did thou not plan to kill him?

Lamar: So he could leave your soul! So he could leave your mind! So he could leave you to focus on me! Me! Only me, Maya!

Maya: Thou know I love you not Lamar. 'Tis Daniel I love and no other man I need!

Lamar: Even to the point of risking your life? Did you know the repercussions of writing that letter especially when caught by my father, the Sultan?

Maya laughs.

Maya : That I might be killed? A lover already lives in hell when she is far from his beloved. And who for love of her beloved has no sacrifices made, has no rightful claim to love. Her vows of love are but a show.

Lamar angrily removes a knife from his pocket.

Lamar(angrily): How dare you stir my anger! Huh!

Maya (shouts): Then go ahead and kill me! Kill me like thou wanted to do to Daniel!

Lamar slaps her again. The hit is so hard that his knife falls to Maya's left side where she kneels. Maya quickly picks it up and stands. Lamar also immediately moves forward. He knows that if he does not act quickly, she will rather kill him. He wrenches it from her, her eyes blazing defiance into his. In no moment , Maya gives a loud cry, kneels with a dark red patch of blood slowly welling from beneath her abdomen and from her mouth. She collapses limply on the ground, to lie there utterly still.She had been wrongly stabbed in the struggle between them.

Lamar moves back in fright and shock. He had killed her beloved himself.

Lamar kneels and holds her head against his chest.

Lamar (laments): *It is true that you later became like the convicts in*

disgraceful stripes
Who come homeward to their cells at set of sun,
The whole world's most despised, disgusting types,
As hopeless as the day that now is done.

The penitentiary opens iron jaws
To swallow up the mass of shame and sin,
The cages seize them in their rusty claws,
And giant gates are locked to keep them in.

Their faces all are foul, their hands unclean,
Their aching ankles drag the iron ball,
And two by two they bear a clanking chain;
Their heads are shaved to show their hopeless fall.

One sings lewd songs, one tells a wicked jest,
They laugh at honour and they laugh at shame;
All that on earth is sweetest and is best
Is scoffed and blasphemed with a vulgar name.

It is true that you betrayed my love and made yourself an enemy of my soul
It is true that you gave me the poignant pangs of love,
And made me feel its baneful fevers in my blood,
But my heart has melted with its hot desire,
And grown delirious, fierce with passion-fire.

My soul has burned beneath your seductive smiles,
And reeled from daggers of your disdainful eyes.
Oft have I tossed in dreams of fancied bliss,
Only to wake with empty, aching arms amidst your presence.

My blood has boiled, impatient for its own,

And frozen when you my beloved one gave it a scorn.

My limbs have wearied in a hot pursuit

Of clasps and kisses fraught with wild unrest.

(He shouts) *So, come ! Come alive Maya!* ***(He cries out loud)*** *Argh! Argh! Maya! Maya! Come alive and see the sun arise,*

And all ferocious passions then ſhall flee.

Behold my pied wood-lily, and be cured

Of poison that distils from your dark brown eyes.

Wade barefoot in Oman, and you ſhall pine

Not for the fairest face in all the world.

Maya! Please hear my words of sorrow and arise

Come help me find release from all the pangs of unrequited love.

Exeunt

Act Four

Scene Two

Later that day, in Catalonia, Daniel paces up and down in Nina's room, worried.

Ninã Hermosa: *O you like a lovelorn youth,*

Thy dark-brown liquid eyes

Need sweet caresses of the dews of sleep;

Thy lips were made for laughter, not for sighs;

Youth comes to gladden, not to make thou weep!

Youth's wild young feet were made to dance for joy;

Youth's sweet wild heart was made to leap with bliss;

O revel in thy glory, splendid boy,

For all the world is craving for thy kiss!

Daniel: *How can I dance with passion and bliss when within me I feel there's something wrong? When within me I feel Maya isn't all right?*

O how I wish I could command a light guitar to obey my far-away lover's hands so she could pour her fervid and heart-broken strain O so bitter from its trembling strands!

Ninã Hermosa: *Remember, while a flower is free from frost, its bud is forever free from winter blight.*

Two lovers, when intertwined, is forever bonding.

Maya is yours and yours forever.

She fhall come with fine frank face

Like a mistress of the robes, with the starry eyes of brown,

With golden ringlets, peach-bloom cheeks aglow;

O she will come wearing love's and beauty's crown,

As radiant as a sunrise over snow:–

And hold thy hands and dance with thou Flamenco in the banquet hall with its brilliance.

Daniel: *For you Ninã, the birds and blossoms of the day,*

For you, the brilliance of the banquet halls;

For me, the lonesome churchyard, old and grey,

For me, the prison under charnel walls.

For you living voices seem to you more sweet

Than lays of a man deserted with the dead.

For you, the light, the life, the music, mirth,

For you, man must worry not for love's triumph and love's sweet,

For me, a pillow in the gloomy earth,

For me, the sobbing of the midnight rain.

Will you neglect my feeling?

Shall I moan in taciturn?

Ah, why should I plead for your understanding when I know our feelings fhall never meet.

Ninã Hermosa: Nay, why do thou speak like thou hast lost a man's favour and a maiden's hand?

Daniel: I lost a man's favour but not a maiden's hand. I just don't feel all right today.

Ninã Hermosa: Do thou think that his lover has joined the choir invisible?

Daniel: The gods forbid!

(The neighs of horses and voices of men are heard on the streets. Ninã and Daniel peep through her window to see. They see Lamar and Hafiz in a chariot with a casket tied to its back. A lot of Spanish men and women are following them. A man then shouts: *The young Arabian man has come with a casket to tell a story****)***

Daniel and Ninã, shocked at what they see and hear quickly look at each other. Daniel dashes out and hides in the bushes along the street so he can follow them to where they are heading to.

They head straight to Lucas' house.

Hafiz: Peace be unto this house. Allahu Akbar!

(Lucas and Olivia come out)

Lucas unaware of Maya's death happily welcomes them.

Lucas: Hoh behold! Ye Spanish men and women who doubted me, see! See!

Ho! My Arabian in-law, the man with ardent and enthusiastic soul whose fame and fortune overcloud throngs of men has come to tell Spain his marriage of bliss and of gaiety.

Olivia: Thou stranger who broke my prayer, thou stranger coming from a far far land. Thy cunning face with a disguised light of smile, who bears the print of sadness upon his hands, why have thou come here? To tell a tale of how miserable you've made my daughter?

Lucas: O shut up woman!

*(****Then one of Lucas' maidens points to the casket and says:*** *Look Master, at the back of the chariot is a casket)*

Lucas and Olivia quickly crane their necks to see.

Olivia: You come here with a casket? Wait! Where's Maya? Where's Maya?

Lamar sorrowfully tells Hafiz and two other men to bring down the casket and place it before him. They do as he said. He then looks at the casket and laments.

Lamar (sorrowfully): *In Oman, morning- glories fhall float and flow*

Like a cloud of indigo;

Blooming eucalyptus trees'

Blood-hued ſhall tempt the bees;
Rank geraniums ſhall fringe the ways
With a splendid sunset blaze;
Like a flame-robed Witch of Endor
Yon hibiscus shines in splendour.

Green pomegranates' blossom-stars
Glare and glow like angry Mars;
There, lantana clusters ſhall burn,
Trumpet – flowers with passion ſhall yearn.
There are cactus, fuschia, rose,
Oleanders' fragrant snows,
Blue solanum, red tacoma,
Heliotrope with blest aroma.

There ſhall be scattered on her statue
Strawberries, melons, cantaloupes;
There, the golden orange ſhall cling,
There, the odorous grape -fruit shall swing.
There ſhall be dangling in her spirit's reach
Olive, plum, and pear and peach,
Purple aster, red verbena,
Saffron poppy, — Pasadena!

I sigh because you passed away so young,
Forsaking me, who wanders still below,
When life was like a lute with strings unstrung,
A-thrill with music Earth may never know.

But I, not you, deserve the piteous plaint,
The sob, the sigh, the wringing of the hands,

Soul freed at last from every mortal taint,
Among the lilies of enchanted lands!

For me, the slowly creeping steps of age,
For you, the halcyon heart forever young;
For me, the garment soiled, the blotted page,
For you, the glory of the songs unsung.

For me, the melancholy September's withered sheaves,
For you, the peach-blooms of an April day;
For me, the numb November's hectic leaves,
For you, the verdure of the morns of May.

Best is that death when Life is in its Spring,
When morning skies are gowned in blue and gold,
Before one bird has ever seized to sing,
And not one forest leaf has yet grown old.

Ah, kindly Fate, forever thus to be,
When Love, the wild gazelle, treads not amiss,
When pearly-footed Youth forbears to flee,
And dimpled Joy defers her farewell kiss!

For you, Assassin Autumn never comes
To stab white-blossomed Summer to the heart,
No winds of winter beat their muffled drums,
To bid the brilliant tropic birds depart.

You ſhall not see Hope's shattered roses strewn,
Nor golden locks flecked into frosty grey,
Nor learn the disillusions of the noon,

Nor see at last Affection's dull decay.

For you, no fairy story came untrue,

No Gospel seemed unworthy of belief;

O fhall Arabian peasant still be lofty over you

And every wisp of tares a golden sheaf?

Ah, rest calm and peaceful; you have naught to fear,

Who drove all hate and malice from your side,

Nor gave one being cause to shed a tear,

Until that day, dear girl, on which you died.

He bends to open the casket.

Lamar: Spanish ladies and gentlemen, I come today to give to you Maya's dead body.

(Everyone screams as they see Maya's body very rigid and cold yet beautiful. They witness for themselves the smell of musk and amber emanating from her body)

A tear rolls into itself in Olivia's eye, overflows and drips down her damp cheek, and falls to the ground as Lucas looks with fright. The look in her exhausted eyes could break anyone's heart. She cries silently, her eyes puffy and red. It's the kind of cry only seen at funerals, only felt at funerals. The kind where the tears aren't alive, but lifeless, and the death of the loved one seems surreal. The kind where the crier pushes away the grief, the overwhelming sadness of the loss.

She goes closer to the casket, kneels to hold Maya's right arm tight, holding her close. Her worn eyes watch the lifeless body of her only child in front of her, a look in her eyes saying "why leave so soon," and "O how I miss your smile Maya." Daniel also stands in the crowd in anger, sorrow creeping at the corners of his mouth, dragging them down, jerking the tears.

Olivia stands, turns to face Lamar in sorrow.

Olivia (points one of her right fingers at Lamar): You… You… You killed… ***(She collapses)***

(Some of the Spanish men and women rush to where she lay)

A man from the crowd (shouts): *O never dreamed that he, a traitor,*

should thus drive a Spanish lady to despair,

Nor that this same trustful being, our beloved Spanish lady, burning with a love untold,

Soon would sink and lie decaying in a graveyard mould.

But thou Lamar... thou serpent of doom should be the one to sink and lie in a decaying graveyard mould...

The crowd: Yes! Lamar must lie in a decaying graveyard mould. He a traitor, must die!

(Moving towards Lamar...Some pick stones... others pick weapons... angrily, Lamar's men try to protect him... Hafiz is behind Lamar... Lamar is scared and he runs behind Hafiz)

Lamar(scared... shouting over a scared Hafiz's shoulder): Maya was the traitor and died the way of a traitor!

One angry man in the crowd: O did thou hear the worthless man who let his lover's tresses from his fingers slip to stay alive, and blindly in the dust the fragrant musk of Tartary he throws sayeth? Thou dare call our Spanish lady whose face was a looking glass for the devout and in it he takes continual delight a traitor! I say Spanish men and women, let us kill this tyrant who heeds the words of wicked men and to their temptation he yields! He deserves to be wasted and buried in some forgotten churchyard!

An angry woman: O to lie in some forgotten churchyard is too glorious for men who bow to the face of tyranny. He and his men need to be tortured and burnt! Burnt into flames that will forever be extinguished!

The crowd: ¡*Sí! Deben ser quemados y torturados!*(Yes! They must be burnt and tortured)

(Hafiz immediately runs behind Lamar... scared. Lamar also tries to hide behind Hafiz but he strongly holds Lamar in position. The two are seen struggling behind the soldiers. The people are moving closer while shouting: *¡Sí! Deben ser quemados y torturados!* ***Lucas also begins to move back)***

Then another woman from the crowd shouts: Let's kill Lucas too, he, another fighter of love brought nothing but woe upon our land. Let's kill him for Love like Nature when fought, there lies much woe!

(They keep shouting, demanding that they are killed. Hafiz and Lucas take to their heels realizing the danger that could befall them. Half of the shouting mob, both Spanish men and women run after Hafiz and Lucas shouting, "indeed, Love like Nature when fought, there lies much woe!" The other half fight with Lamar's men. Lamar frightened...tries to escape. Daniel sees him and manoeuvers his way through the mob removing a sword from the sheath of one of Lamar's dead men... he runs after Lamar. Lamar notices and speeds up...he trips to the ground face up)

Daniel: You monster and a traitor! ***(he moves toward frightened Lamar)*** one who claims to be the pearl in the sea of love yet he destroys the sea in which lies him, the pearl. What did Maya do to you⁉ You killed her didn't you⁉

Lamar (voice shivering): O spare my life you British gentleman! I will give you gold, lands, jewelleries, just name your price man and spare my poor soul...arrhg! Mercy to me show!

Daniel: Mercy? Did you not claim you were in essence the Messiah? Why would you a devil be⁉ Did you know Mercy when it whispered into your ears a tuneless pleading to spare my beloved's soul⁉ You killed Maya! ***(he begins to sob)*** And after that, you, a traitor of love wish to buy the love left in me with gold and lands?

Lamar (shivering): How about I give you O British gentleman my kingdom to rule. Think about it. More beautiful maidens, British gentleman. More beautiful than Maya. ***(he shouts)*** And you will live in wealth! Wealth, British gentleman! Wealth!

Daniel (angrily): No maiden can be compared to my moon-fated one, the one whose beauty has seduced me by its glow! The one who in her tresses' chains has she my soul and body thus constrained!

(***shouts)*** My love needs not riches and riches need not my love!

(he stabs Lamar's heart multiple times while shouting repeatedly, *"my love needs not riches and riches need not my love!")*

Indeed, Love like Nature when fought, there lies much woe.